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By the men . . . for the men in the service

The Army Could Use More Like Her

Behind Jap Lines in Burma With Merrill's Marauders

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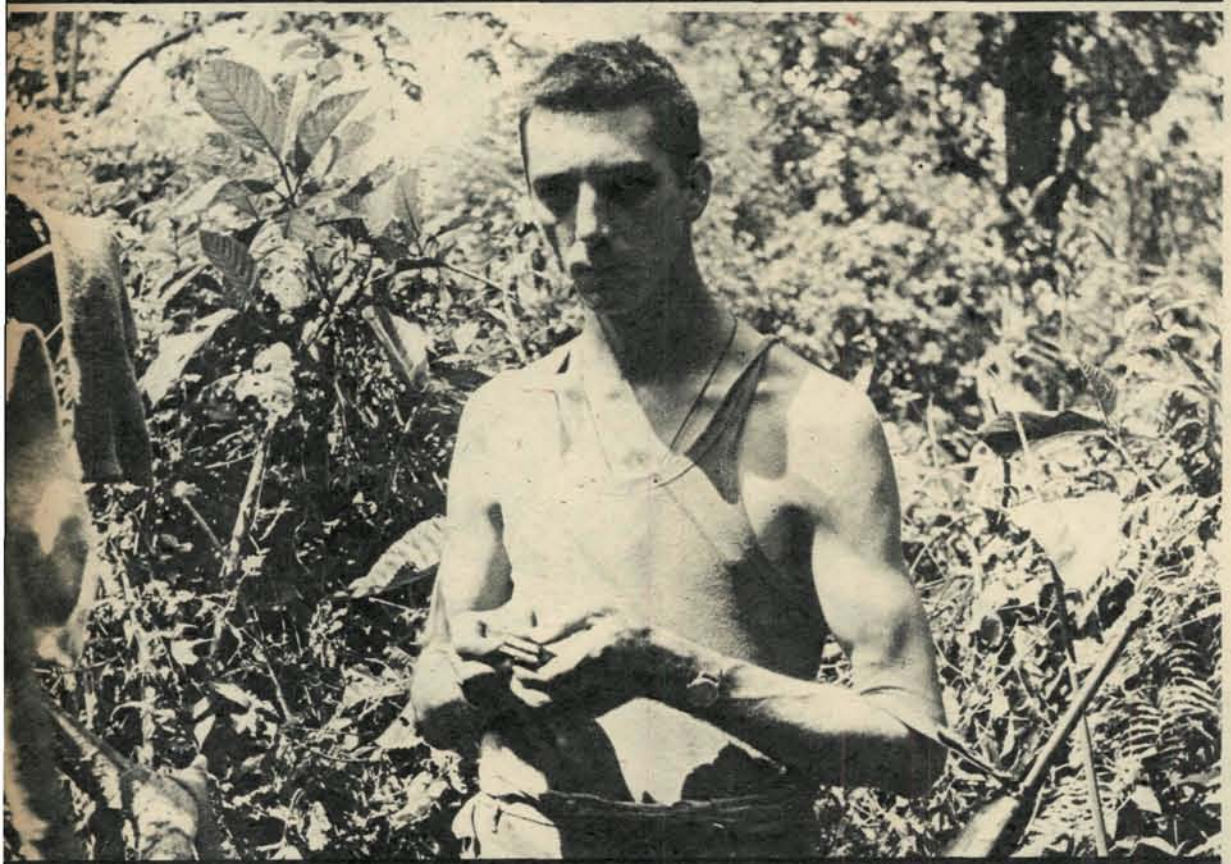
MORTAR CREW THAT COVERED ADVANCE: LT. WOOMER, PVT. ALDERMAN, SGT. KOPEC, PVT. McGOWAN.



HE DOESN'T LIKE TO KILL, BUT LT. LOGAN WESTON, THE "FIGHTIN' PREACHER," HAS KILLED PLENTY OF JAPS.

TWO DEAD JAPS, SLAIN BY ANOTHER PATROL, LINE MARAUDERS' PATH THROUGH THE 10-FOOT KUNAI GRASS.

A YANK correspondent, who marched 500 miles through the jungle with this volunteer force, tells about our first infantry battle on the continent of Asia.

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—The crackle of a couple of Nambu light machine guns and the whipsnap of Arisaka rifles stopped the single-file column of Merrill's Marauders and sent the men scrambling for cover on both sides of the narrow jungle trail.

They had trudged nearly 250 miles in the last four weeks. After marching up 116 miles of the Ledo Road, they had swung wide around the Jap positions that were holding up the Chinese drive in the Hukawng Valley of Northern Burma. They had followed narrow native paths and elephant trails through dense undergrowth and high elephant grass and across dozens of rivers and streams.

This was to be the first of their missions as a volunteer raiding outfit behind Jap lines—attacking the enemy rear supply base of Walawbum to force a Jap withdrawal 30 miles northward so the Chinese could push through. The Marauders, led by Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, who had walked out of Burma with Stilwell two years before, were this afternoon only three miles from their goal.

The CO of the unit that had bumped into Jap resistance sent for 1st Lt. Logan E. Weston of Youngstown, Ohio. A slim, quiet poker-faced young officer, Weston edged his way through the brush to the CO's side.

"Weston," said the CO, "take your intelligence and reconnaissance platoon across the river and move south to a position near the riverbank that will cover us from the Walawbum area when we drive through this village of Lagang Ga on the east bank."

Lt. Weston, like most of the others in this Marauder unit, had fought Japs before. Quitting Transylvania Bible School in Freeport, Pa., midway through his study for the ministry, he had joined the Army. He went to the South Pacific as a squad leader in the 37th Division, he was graduated from OCS in the Fijis, and then he fought in New Georgia as a platoon leader in the 37th. That's where he picked up a nickname.

"Fightin' Preacher," his men called him. As one of his original platoon explained it, "Lt. Weston continued his Bible study in spare moments, but when we got into a scrap with the Japs he was one of the fightingest platoon leaders in the division."

In New Georgia the Fightin' Preacher had always made one point clear to his men: he did not like to kill. After each action he got his men aside and said, half-apologetically: "I'm sorry I had to kill those Japs, fellas, but today it was a case of either my getting them or their getting me."

Lt. Weston's tough, swaggering platoon was a marked contrast to its gentle, mild-mannered leader. Among his men were such veterans as Cpl. Werner Katz of New York, N. Y., who fought with the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War and with the Americal Division on Guadalcanal Katz, a burly first scout, became the first American infantryman to kill a Jap on the continent of Asia when the platoon had a fleeting brush with a Jap patrol the week before.

Then there was Pfc. Norman J. (Chief) Janis, a full-blooded Sioux Indian and former rodeo rider from Deadwood, S. Dak., who thought it was a bad day during the Buna battle in New Guinea if he had to use more than one bullet to kill a Jap. And Sgt. William L. Grimes of Lonaconing, Md., who won the Silver Star for knocking off 25 Japs at Guadalcanal. And a couple of dozen others who had battled Japs in the jungles and swamps of the South and Southwest Pacific. They had all volunteered for this "dangerous and hazardous" jungle-fighting mission.

THE Fightin' Preacher's men got to their feet and slung on their 60-pound horseshoe-type packs. They moved through the dark jungle undergrowth down to the muddy little river and crossed it Indian file, wading 40 feet to the

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...hers in Burma

other side through crotch-deep water. Then, rifles cradled in their arms, they climbed the bank.

They rustled their way through the brush alongside the riverbank all afternoon, cautiously covering a few hundred yards. Once or twice the scouts spotted Jap sentries and traded a few bullets with them, but the Japs got away. Just before dusk the platoon halted and dug in a perimeter of foxholes to spend the night. They could hear the main body of Marauders pushing through the Jap resistance across the river, using lots of tommy guns and BARs.

The men ate no supper; they had run out of K rations two days before. (While the Marauders were behind the Jap lines, they were supplied entirely by airdrop and there were never any drops when the men were sneaking close to their objectives, because this might reveal their position and strength.) There was nothing for the men to do but decide on the hours of perimeter guard and then curl up in blanket and poncho and go to sleep.

By dawn the next morning the Fightin' Preacher's platoon was on the move again. The scouts had located a bend in the river from which the platoon could command a wide field of fire to the south. From here they could cover the main Marauder unit as it pushed down the trail along the opposite bank.

The river bend was only 150 yards away from the night perimeter, and the platoon reached it in half an hour in the early-morning fog. They started to dig in at 0700 hours. Half an hour later Pvt. Pete Leitner, a scout from Okeechobee, Fla., was out in front of the perimeter collecting green branches to camouflage his foxhole when a Nambu light machine gun opened up.

THE stories and pictures on these pages are the first YANK has received from Sgt. Dave Richardson since he was swallowed up in the Burma jungles for more than three months.

Richardson's long hitch with the Marauder force, commanded by Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill, took him farther behind Japanese lines in Northern Burma than any other correspondent covering the theater.

A veteran of the New Guinea fighting, Richardson marched 500 miles with the Marauders and took part in all but one of their major actions. The accompanying account of the first battle between a U. S. Infantry platoon and a Jap force on the continent of Asia will be followed by other stories and pictures as they are received.

Leitner was hit in the middle and crumpled to the ground, severely wounded. Before anyone could get his sights on the Jap machine gunner, he ran away through the brush. Sgt. Paul Mathis of Grey Eagle, Minn., platoon guide, and Lt. Weston went out and dragged Leitner back to the perimeter. The rest of the men in the platoon got down in their holes and braced themselves for a Jap attack.

They didn't have long to wait. Through the brush they spotted tan-uniformed Japs walking toward them at a crouch, some with twigs camouflaging their helmets. The platoon opened up. The Japs hit the ground and fanned out, crawling closer and shooting furiously. The Japs chattered among themselves; some seemed to be giving commands.

Then came the hollow snap of knee mortars being discharged behind the Japs. Seconds later the mortar shells exploded in the trees over the Fightin' Preacher's men. After that the mortars were fired in salvoes.

"Five Japs on the right flank!" somebody yelled. Sgt. John Gately of Woburn, Mass., spotted the first one and killed him. Pfc. Harold Hudson of Bristol, Conn., glimpsed the other four and mowed them all down, starting his tommy

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Pfc. Norman Janis, Indian marksman who killed seven Japs, looks over Betsy, his M1.

Stubborn but sturdy mules carry machine guns, mortars and ammunition across river.

gun at the rear of the quartet and working forward.

The main Jap attack was coming in the center of the platoon's defense. A squad of Japs moved in closer, crawling, running a few steps, hitting the ground, creeping and shooting. Grimes, the Silver Star winner from Guadalcanal, now added to his record of 25 Japs by pumping bullets into each one who lifted his head. T-5 Raymond F. Harris of Pekin, Ill., sprayed the squad with his BAR as some of the Japs managed to creep within 30 feet of his position. One Jap shot at Harris just as he ducked his head to put a new magazine in his BAR. The bullet dented his helmet.

INSIDE the perimeter, Lt. Weston and his platoon sergeant, T/Sgt. Alfred M. Greer of Malden, Mass., got a message from Pfc. Benny Silverman of New York, N. Y., walkie-talkie radioman, that the main body of the Marauders had chased the remaining Japs from the opposite bank of the river and had taken up positions there.

"Fine," the Fightin' Preacher told Greer. "Let's get them to help us with their mortars." Acting as mortar observer, Greer got Silverman to radio back a rough estimate of Jap positions based on his grid map. Soon the crack of a mortar discharge answered from across the river. An 81-mm mortar shell burst with a hollow explosion behind the Japs. Greer gave Silverman new elevation and azimuth figures. Another mortar shell was lobbed over. It burst a little closer to the Japs but over to one side.

"Anybody got a compass with mils on it instead of degrees?" asked Greer. Near him Cpl. Joe Gomez, aid man from Gallup, N. Mex., had just finished pouring sulfa powder into Leitner's stomach wounds and giving him sulfa pills. He was working on Sgt. Lionel Parquette of Calumet, Mich., who was mortally wounded in the head. Gomez opened a pouch at his belt and handed his compass over to Greer. "We medics got everything," he grinned.

Greer told the mortars to lay in a smoke shell and he took an azimuth reading on it. Then he gave Silverman a new set of figures to radio the mortar crew.

Across the river, the mortar chief—1st Lt. William F. Woomer of State College, Pa., called "Woomer the Boomer" in New Guinea—shouted the figures to the mortar crew. Sgt. Edwin Kopec of Lowell, Mass.; Pvt. James McGowan of West Newton, Mass., and Pvt. Wise Alderman of Floyd, Va., set the figures on the scales and lobbed over another one. Theirs was the only mortar in position to fire across the river. Another mortar crew was changing its position to clear some trees with its trajectory.

Soon, with Greer's observation, the mortars were right on their target. Greer then varied the figures every few rounds to cover the Japs from flank to flank.

"Nice goin', boys," he yelled after a series of six bursts. "We just saw a couple of Japs blown out of their holes 40 yards from our point man." As fast as the mortarmen could rip open shell cases, they poured fire across the river.

The Japs kept coming. They edged into positions on three sides of the perimeter and were even trying to get between the river and the Fightin' Preacher's platoon. Their machine-gun and rifle fire increased in intensity and volume. Lt. Weston estimated that about a company of Japs was opposing him.

Then Silverman at the walkie-talkie got an order for the platoon to withdraw to the other side of the river. Its mission had been accomplished. There was no use staying to fight the Japs with such a small force when the main body of Marauders was moving south to make a direct attack on Walawbum.

Greer, Silverman and a couple of others made litters out of bamboo poles and buttoned-up fatigue jackets to carry the few wounded who could not walk. Then, under cover of Lt. Woomer's mortar fire, the platoon withdrew to the river and prepared to cross. The Japs followed, figuring on catching them in the riverbed.

Across the river four BARs opened up to cover the crossing. The bullets whined over the platoon's heads. Lt. Weston told Silverman to radio back that the Japs were on the flanks waiting to knock off some men crossing the river. Then two of the platoon peeled off their white undershirts and put one in a tree on each flank of the platoon to serve as firing guides for the BARs. Just before the crossing, Lt. Weston ordered the mortars to throw smoke shells to the rear and flanks of the withdrawing platoon to screen the move.

One by one, the men of the platoon splashed back across the river as BARs stuttered away and mortar bursts echoed down the riverbed. After Chief Janis, the Indian crack shot, had crossed, he turned to watch Pfc. John E. Clark of Windsor, Vt., and Katz, the International Brigade veteran, carry the wounded Leitner across on a litter. Out of the corner of his eye, Janis spotted a movement in the bushes on the bank. A Jap with a light machine gun had parted the bushes and was taking aim at the litter-bearers and their burden. Janis raised his M1 and fired two shots. The Jap squealed and slumped over his gun.

"I just wanted to make sure I got him," said Janis, explaining the extra shot. His score for the day was seven Japs.

MEANWHILE the BAR men covering the withdrawal were busy. Japs seemed to pop up all over the riverbank. Pvt. Bob Cole of Englewood, Calif., got six of them, and T-5 Clyde Shields of Egg Harbor, Wis., saw two roll down the bank in his sights.

At 0930 hours the last man withdrew. The sweating mortarmen were ripping open their 113th shell case when the cease-fire order came. Lt. Weston trudged wearily into the unit CP, head bent as he worked the bolt on his carbine.

One of his men watched him with obvious admiration. "You know," he said, "the Fightin' Preacher got at least two Japs before we withdrew. I thought he was going to apologize again. Instead, all he said was that he could have got another Jap if his bolt hadn't jammed."

First U. S. infantryman to kill a Jap in Asia is Cpl. Werner Katz, veteran of Guadalcanal.

Wet, weary and heavy-laden Maraude a Burma river on their end run aroun

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Food and ammunition are dropped by parachute to Merrill's Marauders behind Jap lines.

Notes from a Burma Diary

One of the tough Chinese soldiers compares tommy-gun models with Sgt. Louis Reid.

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN NORTHERN BURMA—Odds and ends from the battered diary of a footsore YANK correspondent after his first 500 miles of marching and Jap-hunting with Merrill's Marauders:

VOLUNTEER. One of the Marauder mules balked at the bottom of every rugged Burma hill. The driver had to coax, cajole, cuss and tug at his animal constantly. Finally on one hill the mule stopped dead and lay down. That was the last straw.

"Get up, you sonuvabitch," cracked the driver, who had answered President Roosevelt's call to join the volunteer Marauders. "You volunteered for this mission, too."

UNWELCOME VISITOR. When the Marauders reached the rugged hill country of the Mogaung Valley, their columns started to string out as pack mules tumbled off ridges and bogged down in muddy ravines. Frequent messages were passed verbally from man to man up the column to keep the point platoon posted on the progress of the rear.

Usually these messages were "The column is broken behind the —th platoon" or "Lost contact with the pack train." Occasionally, however, the wording was varied, with confusion the usual result.

One rainy night, on a forced march through enemy-infested jungles, a message was passed up the line. "There's a gap in the column" was the way it started. But when it reached the front, it had changed to "There's a Jap in the column."

The front, unperturbed, sent back word to throw him out.

THEY SATISFY. In an enemy supply dump we found packs of Silver City cigarettes that showed the Jap flair for imitation. The packs were similar in size and design to those of popular U. S. brands. According to the English wording on each pack, they were manufactured by the "Eastern Virginia Tobacco Company." And there was a familiar ring to the blurb: "Silver City cigarettes are a blend of the finest Turkish, American and domestic tobaccos, manufactured by expert craftsmen and guaranteed to satisfy the most exquisite of smokers."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH. For weeks the Marauders hadn't seen a piece of mail or a scrap of reading matter. Every time transport planes roared over to drop rations and ammunition by parachute, the men sweated out a few books or magazines. Then one wonderful day after an attack on the main Jap supply route near Laban, the unit I was with finally received manna from the sky—an airdrop of books. Not many—just one book to a platoon. Eagerly we scanned the titles.

They were a "Pocket Book of Etiquette," "Children's Book of Wild Animals," "Boy Scout Handbook" and—last but not least—a "Rhyming Dictionary of Poetic Words and Phrases."

POETS: 1 QUICK, 1 DEAD. Speaking of poetry, they say that when a GI starts composing verses he's been in the jungle too long. The Marauders and the Japs they fought each had at least one jungle-happy poet laureate among them.

Representing the Marauders was T-5 Stanley L. Benson, a gun-repair man. Here's his first effort as a poet:

Four thousand dead Japs behind us—
A hell of a stinking mess.
The live ones now around us
Soon will join the rest.

When Tojo gave his orders
To kill us one by one,
He didn't know Merrill's Marauders
Would sink the Rising Sun.

(Benson took a slight poetic license in his first line. The Marauders were credited with killing 2,000 Japs in six weeks.)

The Japs' weapon in this battle of poets was a hymn of conquest found on the bullet-riddled body of a dead Son of Heaven. It doesn't rhyme in English, but it still possesses undoubted literary merit:

With the blood-stained flag of the Rising Sun,
I'd like to conquer the world.
As I spit on the Great Wall of China,
A multi-hued rainbow rises above the Gobi Desert.

On the Ganges River at the foot of majestic
Himalaya Mountains,
Sons of Nippon look for some crocodiles.

Today we're in Berlin,
Tomorrow in Moscow,
Home of snowbound Siberia.

As the fog lifts we see the City of London,
Rising high, as the ceremonial fish of Boys' Day
does.

Now we're in Chicago, once terrorized by gangsters,
Where our grandchildren pay homage to our
memorial monument.

Oh, governor general of Australia and South
America,
Only in Japan sweet odor of fragrant blossoms
permeates.

When I die I'll call together all the devils
And wrestle them in a three-inch rivulet.

I've set my mind on making my home in Singapore,
For there my darling awaits my return.

MAIL CALL. For security reasons the Marauders could neither write nor receive mail while behind enemy lines. After two months of marching and fighting, however, they were pulled back for a rest and got that long-awaited mail drop and a chance to write V-mail replies.

In a stack of letters from the gal back home, S/Sgt. Luther S. Player of Darlington, S. C., came across this remark: "I'll bet you're seeing plenty of action." Player's unit had been cut off for 10 days while the Japs shelled and counterattacked constantly. He answered his gal's letter as fully as censorship would permit. "Baby," he wrote, "you ain't kiddin'."

T/Sgt. Joe Diskin of Hoboken, N. Y., received a letter from a pal who didn't know Diskin was overseas. Joe is a veteran of the first World War who's been in the Regular Army for 27 years and was sent back to the States from Pearl Harbor as "unfit for foreign service" because of 1918 wounds and age. His pal's letter read: "I am in Italy and have been in action. Believe me, this war is too tough for you old guys. No wonder you're back in the States." Diskin had just led his platoon against a fierce Jap counterattack. His reply is not for publication in YANK'S sacred pages.

—Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

T-5 George Drugotch and a Kachin scout learn "How to Get Along with the Kachins."

Capt. Ossie Burch watches Sgt. Morris Anderson making flapjacks on a trench shovel.

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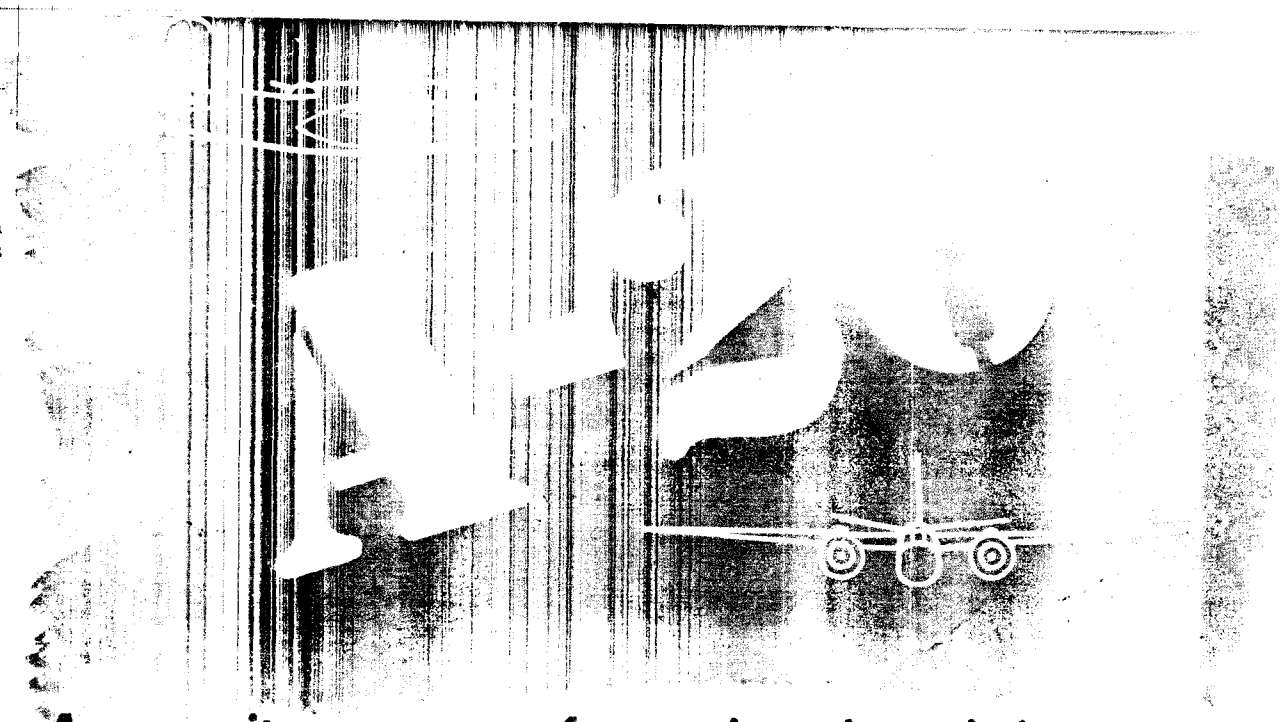

Fast

An eyewitness report of a pre-invasion mission over the Continent in one of the newest and most effective U. S. air weapons, an attack bomber that looks like an insect but moves and hits with the speed of a meteor.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND—Flying in an A-20, newest weapon in the arsenal of U. S. air power to make its bow in the European theater, is like grabbing a ride on a meteor.

The regular flying schedule of these planes is frequently as hot as two missions a day. On one of the rare afternoons when no operations were scheduled, I went up to see what flying in an A-20 was like before getting in the real action that came the next day.

Going along with me on the conditioning hop was Capt. Ward B. Warren, a flight surgeon from Indiana, chalking up some flying time. The bombardier-navigator was Lt. Norman W. Merrill, a very eager young man who was suffering a mild case of scrub jitters; he'd been briefed many times for missions but so far had flown only a few.

The pilot was Maj. Albert N. Roby Jr., a poker-faced flyer with the subtle twinkle of a gambler in his eye. "Have you ever been up in an A-20 before?" he asked casually. "No," I said, and the major just nodded pleasantly. I should have realized that my "no" would be like a red flag to a bull, but I got aboard without suspecting what was in store for me.

As if the A-20 had never been flight-tested before, the major shot her up toward the sky like an ack-ack shell, then banked her over hard, leveled off, nosed her down and dropped her like an elevator whose cables had been cut.

Just before it seemed we were going to dig into the ground, I thought of my air-crew training in the States and what the second lieutenant who was my instructor had said: "When you hit the ground it will be too wet to plow."

I was thinking about how wet the ground was going to be in the half-second that Maj. Roby suddenly decided to level off. We skimmed along the runway like a jeep, while bystanders probably wondered whether they ought to call the crash wagon.

The exhibition was intended to give us a hint of the possibilities of the A-20. This fast, maneuverable, good-looking little attack bomber went into action quickly in the ETO and has been going strong since then on a two-a-day schedule of attacks on tactical installations in France and the Low Countries.

You can call the bombing by A-20s a part of the schedule of pre-invasion flying. As with the B-26 Marauders, their attacks on railroad-marshaling yards, coastal installations and airdromes are tactical operations designed to cripple German movement on the Continent.

In one two-week period, A-20s carried out 675 sorties, dropping more than 700 tons of bombs. These are not enormous figures, measured against the vast tonnage of bombs that have fallen on industrial targets in Germany. But the A-20 tonnage is important because it's being used to cripple the enemy's striking power, to harass him and keep him from uncorking whatever he may have in the way of a Sunday punch.

With its nose wheel and its fuselage like a slender pencil, the A-20 somewhat resembles a long-legged insect. You might almost think of her as a fighter except for the bomb bay and other little breaks in the streamline of the gun placement. She's a dandy little ship that comes in for landings at a helluva clip but sets down "as steady as a baby carriage."

THE morning after the conditioning flight, we went down to the briefing room. It was one of those great spring days—good for baseball and very good for bombing.

The A-20s had left early and were due back soon to pick up another cargo and be off again across the English Channel. It was quiet and empty around the field, the way it always is around a flying field when the floating assets are out looking for business.

When the formation showed over the field, the men below sat on a high mound overlooking the landing strips and indulged in the ancient sport of counting the planes and seeing them in.

The flyers came down to the briefing room, carrying with them the roaring electric excitement that always comes home with a mission. Lt. Wilbert L. Sawyer's plane had a couple of 20-mm holes through the fuselage. "When I saw that blue smoke," said Sawyer, paying grudging tribute to the Jerry fighter and talking faster than you consider normal for a Virginian, "I

THE A-20 Havoc, shown here just after slipping her load of bombs on a German target, is a speedy medium attack bomber now operating with the Ninth Air Force in the ETO. Powered by two 1,600-horsepower engines, the Havoc's speed is in excess of 320 miles per hour, making it perhaps the fastest Allied bomber outside of the British Mosquito. The A-20 carries a crew of three. A power turret has been added to the newest Havoc model, the A-20G, which is armed with nine .50-caliber machine guns—six in the nose, one in the belly and two in the turret.

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said to myself, 'That guy's fortune is made.'"

Apparently the *Luftwaffe* is somewhat more dead in the newspapers than it is over France. Another pilot, Lt. Charles A. Thomas, had one of those close calls that you tell your grandchildren about—a shell whistled across his chest and cut his mike cord, severing interphone communication between him and his crew.

In the interrogation reports of a previous raid, a Lt. Benson announced somewhat sheepishly that he was all alone because the rest of his crew had bailed out over France. The flak was heavy, he said, and when one blast bounced the A-20 upward, the men apparently figured the ship was badly hit or out of control; they jumped, and their chutes were seen to open. Lt. Benson got himself a new crew and kept on with his missions.

FOR the afternoon mission I was assigned to the crew of Maj. Arthur R. Milow Jr., squadron commander. The major is from Omaha, Nebr., but he's spent a lot of time in the South, and that has brought a slow rhythm to his speech.

His bombardier-navigator, Lt. John (Moose) Ertler, a buoyant amateur boxer from Cleveland, Ohio, is one of those Grade-A acquisitions of the Army who really loses sleep if his bombs don't get in there. On one of his first flights in an A-20, the Moose was lead bombardier of a formation. He was so excited he was trying to pace the floor of the tiny nose, which is practically impossible. He kept yelling through the interphone to Lt. Col. Crabtree, the pilot, a Texan and a veteran combat flyer. Finally Crabtree came back in the lowest and softest of voices: "Now, Johnny, suppose you take it easy and tell me just what you want." Since then the Moose has settled down into a veteran. The A-20s saw flak and fighters their first time out, and that settled all of them down nicely, for that matter.

The turret gunner on Maj. Milow's ship this afternoon was S/Sgt. Angelo A. Mattei, built along the solid, reliable lines of a baby tank. Mattei has crossed the Channel more than a dozen times in the brief period he has been in combat here. As a civilian, he flew in a B-24 across the Pacific to Australia many more than a dozen times. But each minute heading across the Channel toward combat is a helluva lot longer than each hour across the Pacific as a civilian. Mattei flew that Pacific route for two years, clocking 2,000 hours in Liberators for Consolidated Vultee. It was a technical job, checking stress and strain in new ships bound for combat—and he had a background for it, acquired in 3½ years of engineering courses at the University of Southern California.

At the briefing I heard the same things that make all briefings a classic of understatement on the part of the officers: "You may expect flak at X and again at Y. It should be light flak, but the Germans, as you know, employ mobile flak guns. Coming out at the coast, the navigators should make sure they avoid Z, which is a big town. You should have no trouble coming out if you follow the prescribed course."

But today there was also the scarcely uttered, but still clear, knowledge that now the time of the air war was running out—into the new time of men who will invade by sea.

At the last minute, Maj. Milow told S/Sgt. Bill Pierson, one of his gunners, that I was going to replace him for this afternoon's trip. The major regretted this and said so.

"I know this is putting you behind Mattei on the missions, Bill," he said, "but we'll try and get it evened up some other time."

Bill didn't seem mad about it but he looked at Mattei carefully, and you could see that he was going to sweat Mattei out on the ground. These boys have flown together for some time.

Bill went up into the plane and made sure that I had all my flying equipment and showed me a few minor adjustments of his gun.

This was another spring, and the flying would be different from the flying last year. Last April they didn't wear flak suits, and escort fighters were practically nonexistent. They wear the suits this year and this time there would be Spitfires in the sky over and back. It was spring 1944, which would be remembered for more reasons than most springs are ever remembered.

OUR planes got away fast, climbed up high in a hurry. The formation was set in no time at all. Then we passed the coastline of England—friendly, familiar shore and beaches that many thousands of airmen have said good-bye to from above the blue ditch of the Channel below.

Right behind us was Lt. Reed's plane, so close beneath our fuselage that you'd have thought this was infantry close-order drill. We could see Reed chewing gum and grinning in his cockpit.

France, separated from England by this impudent, tough inlet of water called a channel, came up with its beaches and curving shoreline like the other half of a clamshell. It was something to see. The yellows and yellow-greens of the countryside's little farmhouses made everything seem peaceful. It reminded me of an ambush. Underneath this peace slumbered German guns, but the sight of northern France was so clean and good looking in the spring of 1944 that it would have burst a loyal Frenchman's heart.

The first flak blossomed behind us. We were going very fast, with escorting Spits just outside.

The Moose called back and said: "If you lie flat on your stomach, you'll be able to have a good view of the bomb hits. Will you do it?"

I said yes. Lying flat, I could see sticks of bombs falling beneath the bellies of the A-20s like a school of fish. They were lost for a moment as they blended with the landscape; then would come the telltale puffs of smoke. It was the clearest sight of exploding bombs a man might ever want to see. The bombs fell in rows, one after the other, as if someone were planting seeds in furrows. One stick of bombs fell square across the center of a rail yard, and each bomb seemed to throw a sheet of flame 10 feet high.

I told this to the Moose on the interphone, but he was not sure his own had hit in there and was already beginning to fret. The ordnance officer had said the bombs being used by U. S. planes now had five times the concussion effect of bombs dropped a year ago. These looked rough as they exploded down there. The fire leaping up from the bomb puffs made you blink your eyes and wonder whether it was enemy 20-mm fire, but the flames were much bigger than that, I decided.

THEN we were going back, even faster than we went in. The blue ditch came in sight. Below us a freighter moved to the south with a small fast boat playing games around it and leaving a wake like a water bug.

The Moose was singing into the interphone, and I asked him if he always did that on the way home. The major broke in: "You're only hearing him once. We get it all the time."

Our A-20 landed smooth and fast, and the major said as we climbed out: "This business of leading the formation is too damned much responsibility."

Bill Pierson was waiting for Mattei. After the interrogation, they went down the road to their barracks, shoulder to shoulder.

Our A-20 raid had taken us to the railroad-marshaling yards at Busigny—not a major raid by the standards of Schweinfurt, Berlin, Regensburg and Hamburg, but a different kind of attack designed to cripple the German military arm.

Busigny has been a frequent target for the two-a-day raids they've been making in the last few weeks. One day there were three raids, which may or may not be a record but is still an awful lot of combat flying.

A few weeks before, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower promised the flying men of this theater that he would drive them so hard they would not have proper sleep or food for weeks, and the A-20 airmen will tell you that the general is making good his promise.

The men of course get very tired, and there is very little time for a frisky evening down at the pub in town. These spring bombing days make a long heavy routine, like working a punch press all day long—but slightly more dangerous.

Lt. Frederick O. Rovente, a pilot from Binghamton, N. Y., with a little wisp of a black mustache and a manner of warm friendliness; slow-voiced Maj. Milow; exuberant Lt. Ertler from Cleveland; Lt. Merrill, a bombardier with the look of a young college professor; Lt. Larry Smith, a laughing boy whose letters go home to Minneapolis; young Red Walters from Idaho and Mattei from San Diego—these are some of the men in the last lap of flying before the war in western Europe becomes a ground war. They're in on the finish, following the "war generation" of Americans who have blazed these combat trails over the Continent since July 4, 1942.

Next morning, leaving the field, I saw the A-20s off again. You always imagine you hear planes long after they've faded over the horizon toward France.

This Week's Cover

SHE is Pvt. Grace Glocke, a clerk at the Army Air Base, Rapid City, S. Dak., with a bid in for overseas duty. When this picture was made by T/Sgt. Vincent Kaminski, she had put on the new WAC summer uniform for the first time. The charming Pvt. Glocke is 21 years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 110, used to be a ballet dance instructor to children in Milwaukee and, while obviously prettier than most, is typical of the girls in the service today. That those girls have done their job well both in America and abroad is proved by the eagerness of the Army to recruit thousands more in the WAC. See page 17 for story on the Wacs' new summer clothes.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—T/Sgt. Vincent Kaminski, Rapid City AAB, S. Dak. 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 6 & 7—INP. 8 & 9—Pvt. Charles E. Gallagher, Army Pictorial Service. 10—S/Sgt. Robert R. Rowe & Signal Corps. 12—Upper left, WW; lower left, Sgt. Allan J. deLay; center left, Acme; center right, Sgt. George Aarons; upper right, INP; lower right, Signal Corps. 13—Upper right, Signal Corps; lower right, Coast Guard; center left, Sgt. Steve Derry; center right & lower left, USAAF. 18—Upper left, ATC, Great Falls, Mont.; upper right, PRO, Harlingen AAF, Tex.; center right, PRO, Fort Scott, Calif. 19—Upper left, Fort Bragg, N. C.; upper right, Signal Corps, Fort McPherson, Ga.; lower left, AAF Tng. Command, Tuskegee, Ala.; lower right, AAFTC, Yale University. 20—Paramount Pictures. 23—Acme.

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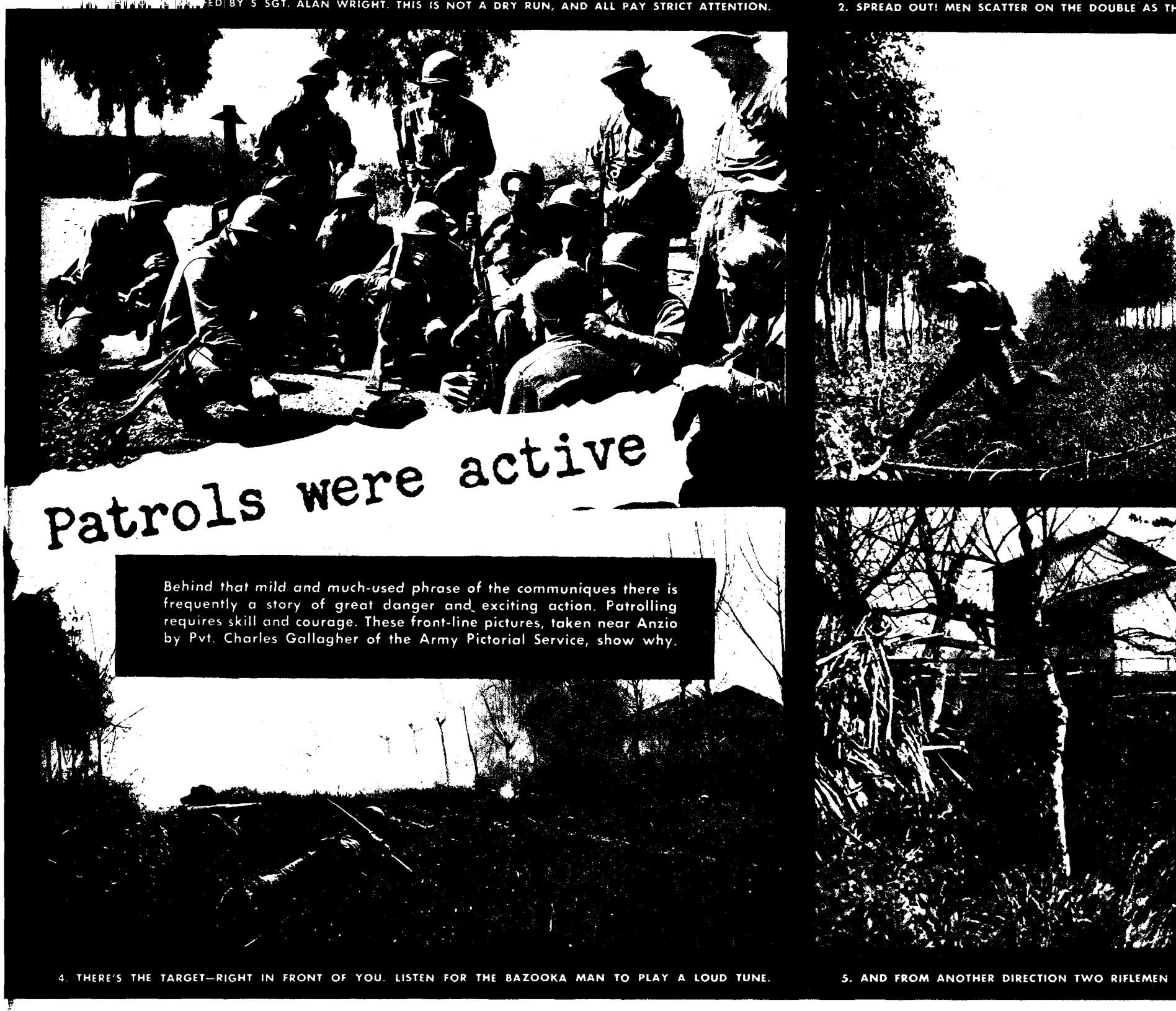

FED BY S SGT. ALAN WRIGHT. THIS IS NOT A DRY RUN, AND ALL PAY STRICT ATTENTION.

2. SPREAD OUT! MEN SCATTER ON THE DOUBLE AS THE

4. THERE'S THE TARGET—RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU. LISTEN FOR THE BAZOOKA MAN TO PLAY A LOUD TUNE.

5. AND FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION TWO RIFLEMEN

Noumea: Where World Is Upside Down

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Correspondent

NOUMEA, NEW CALEDONIA—The barefoot natives strolling along the sidewalks past Noumea's scores of shops are the first thing that catch the eye of Uncle Sam's globe-trotting GIs as they land from the States in this Fighting French town—second largest settlement in the South Pacific, pop. 11,000.

This is the upside-down half of the world, south of the Equator, and there are a number of things that seem plenty upside down to us boys from Brooklyn. Barefoot mothers often are accompanied by their little children wearing shoes. All this means that mother has recognized the virtues of protecting her careless offspring from broken glass although her own feet are too set in their ways to be comfortable in shoes at this late date. The children probably never will go shoeless now, but it is hard not to imagine a tiny Caledonian saying to himself: "Oh, I can't wait until I'm grown up so I can go barefoot, too."

No matter how many times he sees it, the GI gapes as some gray-headed grandmotherly old lady strolls along solemnly, climbing up and down Noumea's curbs and ambling along its sizzling macadam pavements, as shoeless as in her boudoir. Same goes for less elderly numbers.

Another upside-down item is the status of the hitchhiker. Instead of being hunted and haunted by the MPs, the hitchhiker finds the MP here his best friend. Large signs labeled "Hitchhiking Station" have been set up at the main midtown traffic bottlenecks, and MPs at the crossroads outside town flag down any passing GI trucks, jeeps and command cars that try to get by without picking up a load of sun-tan-clad knights of the thumb. We negotiated 25 rough back-country miles in an hour and a half via the thumb.

The baby-carriage shortage that exists in the States would cause no suffering here. Native mothers carry their 2- and 3-year-olds in a below-Equator version of the old American Indian papoose sack. Instead of riding rumble-seat-fashion, the infant sits sidesaddle on his mother's left hip. Under his bottom goes a long scarf suspended from his mother's right shoulder. Sometimes a little boy riding in this slingshot perambulator wears a straw hat on his head and a slap-happy look on his face, the latter a result of the jiggling that goes with the lopsided lift.

Another local custom that would be new on Flatbush Avenue is that of dyeing the hair orange. The dusky Caledonian natives find it both beautifying and also effective as a treatment for lice.

Noumea's shops have a humble collection of trinkets for sale, but prices are fancy. Post cards go six for 50 cents. Fishermen used to throw away the little trap doors on snail shells—called cat's eyes because of their natural design—but now these are sold for 75 cents apiece. Six cat's eyes strung on a chain as a necklace are priced at $50. Ten shells carved into fish silhouettes and bound together with twine are labeled: "Belt—$10." Watches are worth more than gold. A lady's watch, and a pretty weary looking specimen at that, boasts $105 as its price.

Doughnuts are $1 a dozen, and one egg, any style, goes for a quarter. Cokes were 50 cents a glass for a while, but the Red Cross club now has them for a nickel. A full-course steak or chicken dinner, with wine, comes to $6.

Beer in cans can be had once in a while at PXs after sweating out a line for an hour or so. Off the posts there is some native "butterfly rum," but most drinking spots display the news that their offerings are "non alcoholisees."

The countryside is a lot like the battle area in Italy. Stone houses often are Pompeiian red and the steep Caledonian slopes recall the Apennines. You're reminded of Puerto Rico when you see the many flamboyants, big and brilliant red-blossomed trees that look like giant geranium plants.

GIs are permitted to wear tropical helmets, but the straight sun-tan uniform is the customary garb. At the same time that the folks back home in the States are getting ready for winter, the camps down here prepare for the sweltering weather of January and February. Screens are cut in close to floors at headquarters to let the air circulate more freely, and GIs fit up the outsides of their pyramidal tents with wooden "arms" so that tent flaps can be draped like awnings. Christmas in Noumea is the great summer holiday that ushers in the dog days.

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AR GERMAN-OCCUPIED FARMHOUSE, THE OBJECTIVE.

3. FROM A BUILDING NEAR FARMHOUSE

ALL GRASS START BANGING AWAY AT CLOSE RANGE.

6. SUCCESS. THE SKIRMISH IS OVER. PRISONERS TAKEN ARE ALREADY AT WORK CARRYING THEIR OWN WOUNDED.

Casualty

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—We were squatting on our heels and killing a few minutes in idle talk when a runner came up from Battalion and said the ration trucks had arrived. Pvt. Henry Hohnsee of Geneva, Tex., known as the Dutchman, went down with a detail to bring the rations up from the road.

A little later I had to go to Battalion for something, and on my way I stopped at the aid station, located in a deep, open-topped lime kiln. (The Italians dig their kilns into the side of a hill, the top flush with the ground, the bottom opening at the base of the hill. The kilns make fine CPs.)

Just as I arrived, somebody dropped in on us unexpectedly—from the top of the kiln. The night was as dark as Egypt. I waited while the medics dragged out a lank, long soldier and spread him on the ground. Someone flashed a light; it was the Dutchman.

He was bleeding in half a dozen places, and I was considerably relieved when he opened his eyes and started looking around. "How do you feel?" I asked. The Dutchman sat up and grinned. "I feel all right," he said, "but I bet I'm the only son of a gun who gets a Purple Heart for falling into an aid station."

—Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

Booby Trap

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY—Putting his knowledge of German booby-trap techniques to good use, Sgt. Saul Ellison of New York has solved an important problem: how to keep young Italians from raiding the glove compartment of his jeep.

Requisitioning a rat trap, Ellison set it and placed it in his glove compartment. No booby trap is worth much without the proper camouflage, so he covered it over lightly with old rags, not enough to prevent it from working but enough to conceal it.

Now the Italian youngsters give Ellison's jeep a wide berth when they forage for *chicolati* and *cigaretti*.

—Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

Inflation

FIFTEENTH AIR FORCE BASE, ITALY — In Italy, transportation is like girls—hard to get. That's why a hard-working motorcycle can get practically any fee it asks for.

When a Liberator bombardment group was in Africa, one of the mechanics built a motorcycle from junked Nazi plane and tank parts. Later the outfit moved to this Italian base, and the motorcycle went along in a B-24.

A captain offered the mechanic $80 for the cycle, even though he was told it didn't run too well. Between missions, the captain overhauled the machine and sold it to a lieutenant for $100, after warning him that the engine overheated.

The lieutenant visited the local junk pile and found material with which he made a new piston. Then he found that the carburetor didn't work right, and sold the motorcycle to a bombardier for $140. The bombardier fixed the carburetor, but when a spark plug cracked, he parted with the machine for $170.

The buyer this time was Sgt. Archie Engle of Middlesboro, Ky., who used to be a mechanic before the Army made him a mess sergeant. Engle made a new spark plug.

"Now I'm worried," he says. "An operations clerk has offered me $200 and I'm selling. The machine has been in our squadron all the time, didn't cost a cent to start with and now it's up to $200. I bet I'll buy the darn thing back in a few months and it will probably cost me $500. This must be inflation."

—Pfc. LEN ZINBERG
YANK Field Correspondent

Roundup

ANZIO BEACHHEAD, ITALY—Led by T-4 Dallas Commerford of Portland, Oreg., a daylight reconnaissance patrol here came upon a farmhouse being used by the Krauts as an outpost.

Scouting around, the patrol soon discovered that the Germans were out, probably on a little patrol of their own. Getting closer, Commerford and his men found a neatly picked turkey hanging beside the house, as well as 12 skinny cows in a corral in the rear. The boys requisitioned the turkey and turned the cows out to graze.

When the patrol visited the farmhouse the next day, the inhospitable Krauts were absent once more, but the cows were back in the corral. There was no turkey this time, so the boys went to the corral and turned the cows out to graze again. The animals swished their tails and mooed softly to show their pleasure as they filed out the gate.

That day our forward OPs reported seeing the enemy chase a bunch of cows all over the countryside.

—Sgt. GEORGE AARONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

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When Sgt. Eugene Nicovich and S/Sgt. Robert Rowe promenade, they take crocodiles on a leash.

Perky, being a parrot, likes the last word, but Pfc. Joseph Thomas, being a private, is used to that.

Feeling temperamental, Sally the deer spurns this candy peace-offering from Pfc. George Van Meter.

Teddy the iguana, or tropical lizard, is an ugly duckling, but Cpl. Claude Campbell likes him.

Panama Pets

IF you like animals, sweating out a waiting war in the Panama Canal Department has its compensations. On this page are pictured just a few of the bush and jungle creatures that have been caught and tamed by the Yanks.

Herman the coati-mondi, or tropical raccoon, laps up canned milk on T. Sgt. Scott Jeffery's spoon.

Apparently Josie the baboon feels as much at home on Cpl. Norman Mosher's shoulder as on a tree.

Sloths are lazy. Goldbrick's no exception, so Cpl. Doyle Spragg and Pvt. Ramon Matos rouse him.

Not being rank conscious, Daisy the tortoise has no objection when Lt. John Williams feeds her.

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Stage

Censorship, rumors, showdowns and then more showdowns. And other impressions of last hours at a POE.

By Pvt. ALAN SURGAL
YANK Field Correspondent

AT A PORT OF EMBARKATION STAGING CAMP—It is 0700. You hitch your field bag forward where it cuts into your shoulders and stumble stiffly out of the curtained coach, still wiping the hot dusty sleep from your eyes.

You stare at the vast cindered expanse, and a squadron of butterflies spills into a soft-shoe power dive in your stomach.

You stand nervously waiting for directions, and they're not long in coming.

"Troops will form at the rear of the train in a column of threes," booms a bodyless voice through an invisible amplifier.

You scramble to obey, and the butterflies level off a little.

You look at your buddy, Florida, and he grins back at you. You start to say something, but the voice without a body breaks in again.

"You are now at a classified address," it explains. "You will send no letters or telegrams, and you will not be permitted to telephone until you have specific instructions."

Censorship! You've heard about it, and now it's here. You feel a momentary exhilaration and then a sudden isolation. You think of a dozen messages that suddenly seem desperately urgent, but you can't send them. Not for the duration and six you can't.

Even Florida is quiet.

Then for the first time you notice your officers,

especially your platoon commander. Dressed in regulation GIs, scuffing his unpolished combat shoes on the cindered siding, he looks inches smaller than in his tailored pinks. And a lot more nervous. You're suddenly liking him better than you ever have before.

He steps back, bawls "Battery atten-tion!", and you stiffen into position.

"Forward march!"

The morning echoes abruptly with the cadenced crunch of GI shoes on cinder. Somewhere in the rear a band strikes up, and you're off to your last camp in the States.

IT IS 0900.

You're in your barracks now, and you're snatching a little bunk fatigue. You've captured yourself a lower and Florida is on top.

At first you both waited uneasily for someone to bark you out into some detail or formation, but no one has and it doesn't look as if anybody intends to. So you've settled yourself comfortably, and you're quietly thinking.

"Wonder where we're going from here, Florida?" you ask idly.

"Wonder if they give any passes?" he says, completely ignoring your question.

You notice a name carved on the board above your head.

"Pfc. C. E. Hollis," you read aloud.

"I wonder what Pfc. Hollis is doing right now," you add meditatively.

"Don't get corny," Florida replies.

You settle back again with your thoughts, but after a moment they're sharply interrupted by the staccato bark of your platoon sergeant.

"Okay, boys! Off and on! Hit the deck!"

"What is it this time?" you ask, propping yourself on your elbow.

"Show-down inspection."

"*Show-down* inspection?" you repeat incredulously. "Why we had 12 of those at the other camp!"

"See the chaplain," snaps the sergeant.

You pause, transfixed, staring vacantly past him.

"Funny," you think to yourself. "That's not a bad idea—now."

IT IS 1300.

You've had your clothing inspection, and you're on your way back from chow.

By now you've looked over the camp, and you're impressed most by its impermanence. Not the buildings so much, though even they seem less stable than the ones at the other camps. Mostly it's the people.

Ever since you knew for certain that you were going overseas, you've somehow resented the cadre at the other processing camps. Jaunty noncoms with colorful shoulder insignia preparing you for something they may never undergo themselves.

But here it's different. Here everybody seems to be going. Everybody's a transient. Here, literally, everybody is in the same boat. And somehow it makes you feel a lot better.

IT IS 1500.

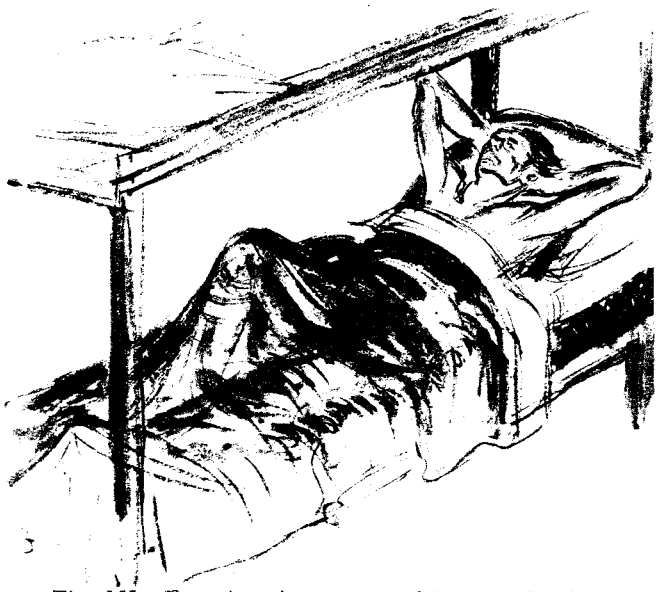
"Christ, Florida, did you ever see so many GIs in one place before?"

You're gathered in a huge commons for what they call a general orientation meeting. A salt-water bull session. All the GIs in the world seem to be here.

You listen politely through the speeches of the Army Emergency Relief officer and the Red Cross man, and you're impressed when the chaplain tells you to buddy up with God now and not to wait until you get foxhole religion.

But you're eagerly attentive when the Military Intelligence officer steps forward and starts to talk about "The Boat."

"The Boat!" It's been only a stabbing little flanking thought until now, but now it's ripped through to the front-center of your consciousness.



The MI officer is a breezy, good-humored fellow with a slight Bronx inflection, and you like him immediately. He starts out by telling a few GI yarns right out of "Private Hargrove," but you don't mind because he tells them well.

And when he begins to talk in earnest about the boat, you get the secure feeling that he's not reading from any prepared script. You listen closely, and you learn plenty.

You learn, for example, that you will mess only twice a day aboard ship; that water is scarce; that fire and panic are more dangerous than submarines. And, above all, you learn that the greatest menace to your safety is *you*. You and your big fat mouth.

You can see everybody's impressed.

You turn to Florida, who's looking unnaturally solemn.

"What's on your mind?" you ask sympathetically.

"Chow," he snaps without hesitation. "I'm hungry."

You can see everybody's impressed.

IT IS 2300.

"Lights out," and you're lying quietly in bed, thinking.

It's been a full evening, and you've written your first censored letter and made your first restricted telephone call. You've sneaked off for a lonesome walk in the nearby fields, drinking in your last few glimpses of American landscape, your last few draughts of American air. You've idled back to the barracks and continued guessing with the boys, trying to decide on your overseas destination. You've dropped a fast deuce in a friendly crap game, and before you know it, the evening's spent.

Now it's "lights out," and you're lying quietly in bed, thinking.

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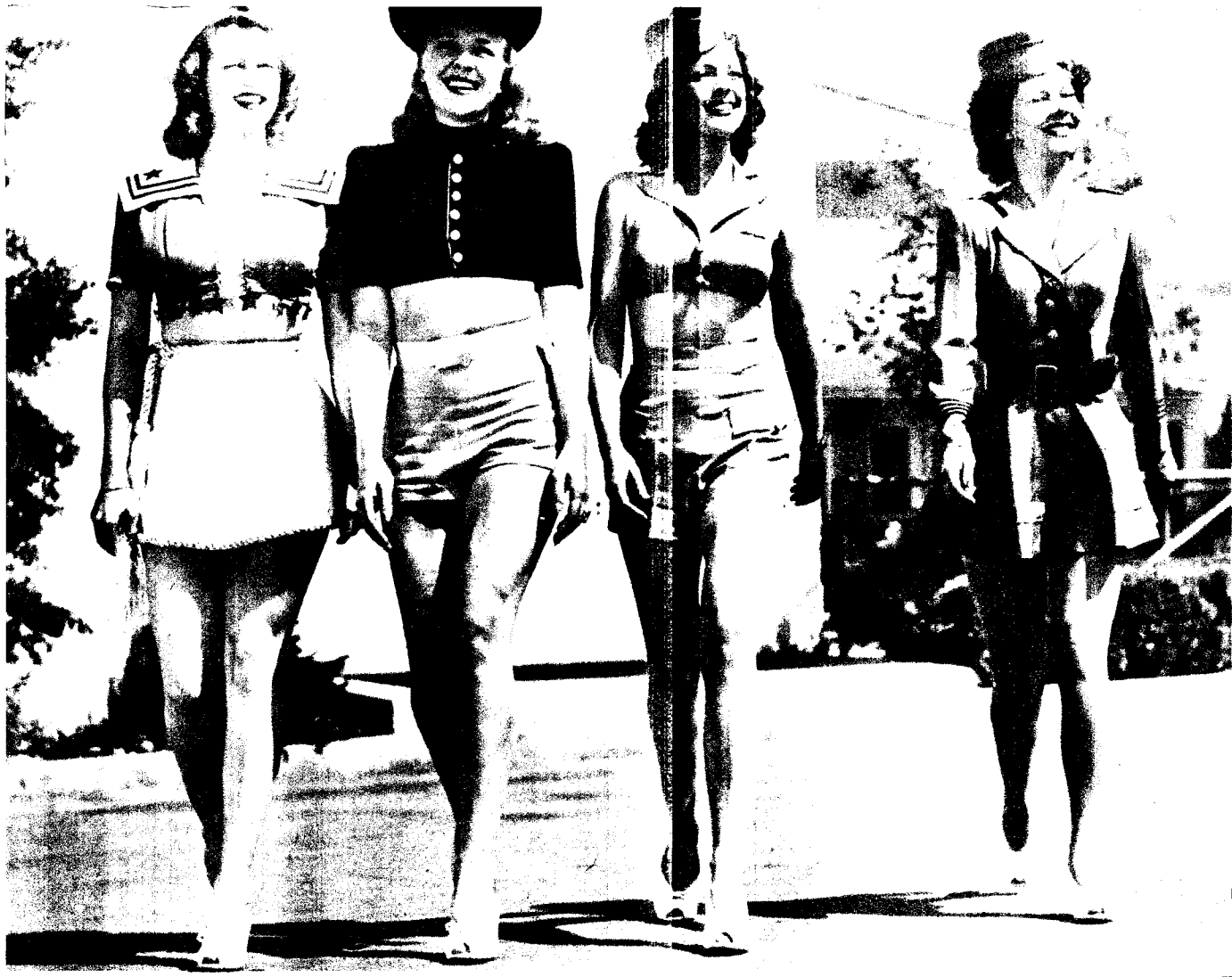
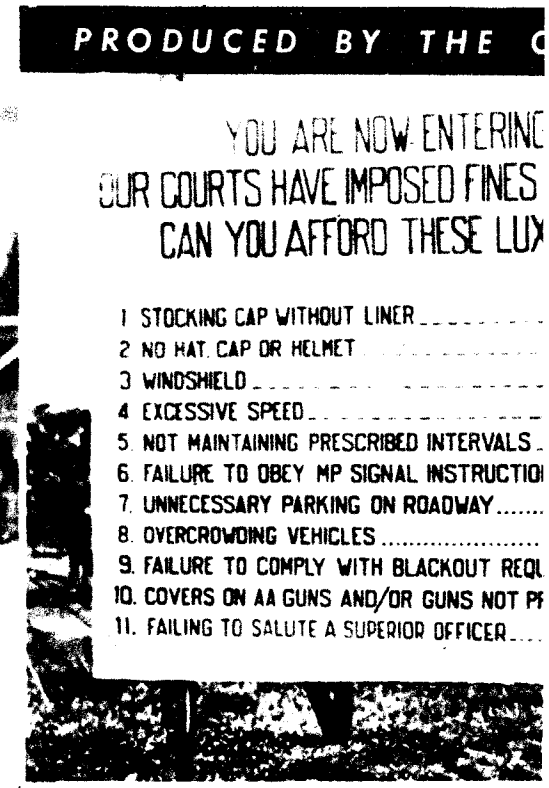


OR Each movie cutie is dressed to represent one or the services. Whose idea? Their own. Martha O'Driscoll, Evelyn Ankers, Anne Gwynne, Grace McDonald play no favorites.



"Be Careful" seems to be the best possible motto in

The swastika decorating this jeep means that S Sgt. Walton Reed spotted and captured a chutist in England.

COMPETITION. In Italy, Pfc. Francis Cocca boasts about his chicken's work. Pvt. Sol Lipkin doesn't talk back.

ALEUTIAN PHOTOGRAPH. The long (6' 4") and short (4' 11") of it as Lucille Burnette of a USO troupe signs on the chest of S/Sgt. George E. Silk.

JEEP TO CHINA. Somewhere in southwest China, where for many centuries the native jeep has been the ponderous bullock, children at side of the road receive a thumbs-up salute from an American operations staff as it tears along a dusty military highway.

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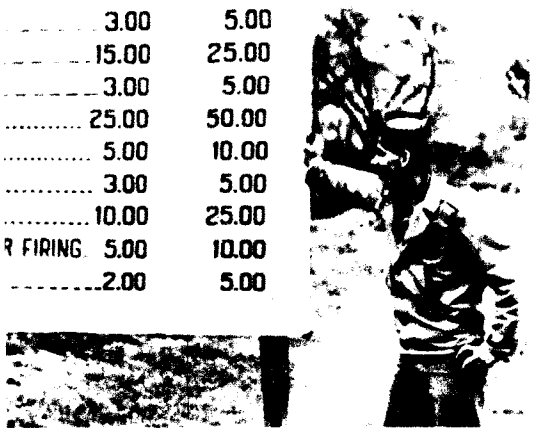
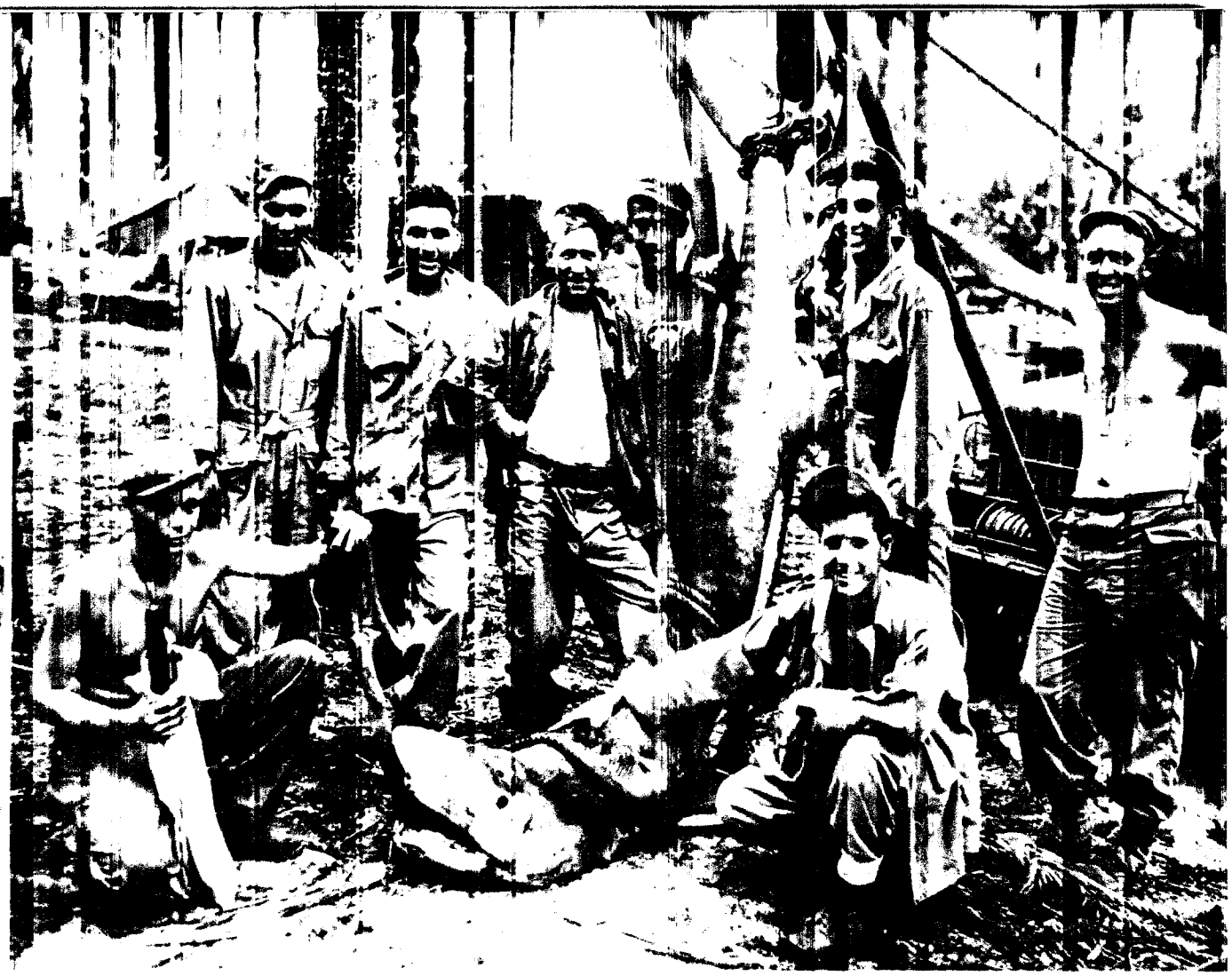
RAS OF THE WORLD

AREA
EITURES LISTED BELOW
OR PRACTICES?

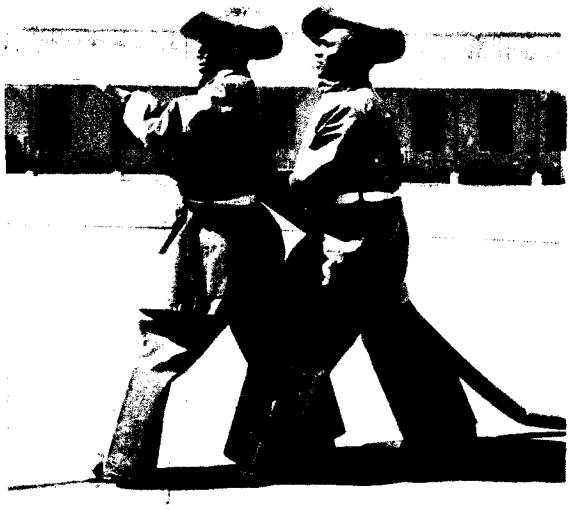
	ENLISTED MEN	OFFICERS
	$2.00	$5.00
	2.00	5.00
	3.00	5.00
	15.00	25.00
	3.00	5.00
	25.00	50.00
	5.00	10.00
	3.00	5.00
	10.00	25.00
R FIRING	5.00	10.00
	2.00	5.00



Italy. Enlisted men don't have to pay the top prices if they break rules.



The shark may not appreciate the fact, but it was caught by cavalrymen from Texas. Proud GIs posing around the catch are with 1st Cavalry Division in the Admiralties.



A swing version of "The 3 Musketeers?" No, they're Africans who fight fires for British in Egypt.

This Pacific glamor queen, begging a light from the soldier, got her inspiration from an old-time movie still.

If summer comes to England, can fall be far behind? These American ground-crewmen don't think so, for they pass the time, until the bombers return, practicing football. The tent in background is the mechanics' sleeping quarters.

The friendly hand of a Coast Guardsman reaches out to guide a wounded marine in a litter to the deck of a transport off the Eniwetok Atoll.

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MAIL CALL

Army Bonus

Dear YANK:

Some time ago I read in *Mail Call* where a soldier from Britain [Cpl. T. R. Shipp] said the men in service wouldn't want a bonus after the war. That is one man's opinion. The fellows up here who work side by side with the civilians, who make more in a day than most of us in a month, have a different opinion. We expect and want a bonus after this war, regardless of whether any of us have lost a leg or arm. I think fellows with three years in service and two of them overseas have earned it. If you have any doubts ask anyone in the Aleutians.

The Aleutians —Pvt. MAURICE FLOWERS

Dear YANK:

. . . . To me a bonus is the extreme opposite [of charity]. If the boys in the Army, especially those overseas, haven't more than earned four times any bonus that Congress may agree to pay them, I'll forever beg your pardon and buy you a damned good steak in any restaurant you name. Speaking for myself and my friends, I say we, too, do not want charity, but that bonus will tide us over until we can get a job and are able to stand on our own feet, and it is a hell of a long way from charity. We have earned it, plus a lot more, for leaving our wives and loved ones that no one will ever be able to pay back in cash or any other way.

India —Pvt. SAM WESTFALL

Dear YANK:

There has recently been proposed a measure for granting veterans of this war bonuses amounting to several thousand dollars apiece. This measure will probably not be the last of its kind, though up to now it is the one stipulating the largest sums. It represents an effort—possibly backed by generous motives—to recompense us in money for several years of lost earning power. Whatever the motive, there are a good many of us who believe that such bonuses and money gifts on such a large scale are bad business and short-sighted as far as the welfare of the country is concerned. Most of us will need—and feel that we are due—enough money after demobilization to return home and live decently for long enough to get a job; but not a top-heavy bonus.

We want a country on sound financial feet. We want the security of jobs that pay a decent wage, not the illusive security of a wad of money in the pocket in place of it. The national debt is already huge. It must be paid. We do not want to add to the debt another 20 or 30 billions of dollars, for the added burden will only boomerang upon us, too, in the form of heavy taxes for years to come. . . .

Signal Corps, Photography Center, Los Angeles, Calif. —T-3 ROGER H. GARRISON

Dear YANK:

. . . We hear talk that the war will end some day and we'll all go home. When that day arrives and I return to civilian life, the first guy that yells "Bonus" I'm going to jump on the band wagon. Only I won't call it by the name of bonus but adjusted compensation.

India —Pfc. WINTHROP S. GAGE

Dear YANK:

Cpl. T. R. Shipp's letter advocates no bonus. Possibly he contends that servicemen will be exempted from taxes with the nonpayment of a bonus. Personally, I hardly think that likely. I hold that a bonus of any amount will offset taxes due or about to be due from servicemen.

As for receiving a loan (instead of a bonus), while we would strive to repay it, our civilian neighbor would have a greater savings tucked away than we can borrow. Perhaps, Cpl. Shipp, you will suffer no telling effects after five or six years of Army service. But what about the men who return to civilian occupations at the age of 36 or more? Is it charity to devote the most productive years of our lives to the service of our country? Perhaps you are free from financial worry, but there are millions of us who are not.

Southwest Pacific —S/Sgt. MICHAEL E. FARRIS

Dear YANK:

I've been in CBI for considerable time and have consistently received much enjoyment from reading YANK. There is one portion of YANK that has been getting under my skin and giving me a pain in the neck ever since I started reading YANK. That portion is the page titled *Mail Call* with its letters from GIs, including letters moaning the blues about what they want after the war.

F'instance a March issue with its two letters from S/Sgt. P. Cropman and Pvt. J. A. Greulich who apparently want the Government to do everything except put them to bed at night. I call their letters very disgusting. Personally, all I want is an opportunity to set foot on precious U. S. soil again. It so happens that I know a young, ambitious, red-blooded, hard-working American fellow can go places and really achieve a successful livelihood in the United States without any government coaching, cuddling or outright dole of taxpayers' money. In other words, I think the opportunity is there for anyone who at least looks for it.

India —Pfc. JACOB HERMAN

Squawks

Dear YANK:

I am known as the Sad Sack here in Italy. For I am one that can never get snuff, only from my wife—that is, when I get my package. Now how is it that they can get smokes, and no snuff? Why not cut out the smokes, too, and be done, so I wouldn't be the only one bitching up here? When I was on Kiska, well, there it was different anyway, for it was an island; but here in Italy I don't know why.

Italy —Pfc. FREDERICK M. KUKUK

Dear YANK:

I've been reading your *Mail Call* with a small amount of amusement and a helluva lot of disgust. Ostensibly the page is devoted to and for "beefers." Well, I'm going to beef at the sad-sob caliber of beefers that largely monopolizes that page. Invariably some self-centered, self-sympathizing GI is squawking like an adolescent jackass for a seat in a church, a 15-day furlough instead of a 10-day fiesta or he's having spasms over Spam. Quite some time ago some yokels screamed bloody murder because the Infantry was delegated a few additional ratings. They couldn't understand why *they* were allegedly ignored. This last was too galling!

For my money the War Department can make every bayonet-charging dogface a colonel and slap 40 varieties of medals on his chest. He's the grimy, pasty-faced pigeon that's shouldering the burden of this rough little shindig, sweating out not the duration but his precious little life, day in and day out. He doesn't have time to fret and prattle over absentee voting, the vulgar in Varga or the USO-tinted GIs in the States. Yes, and you know, Chief, I notice he doesn't even write to YANK and beef. For a number of months I've been hobnobbing around India, and I've scratched around in Burma, but when I get back to the States and those close-combat lads come trooping down Broadway I'm stepping aside, and I'll cheer and yell till my tonsils spout out.

India —Sgt. JOHN GENINATTI

Dear YANK:

How about a pack of aspirin tablets with each issue of YANK? These *Mail Call* gripers make me dizzy with their silly problems. That stuff's got to cease. I'm getting a nervous breakdown. So what do you say? Do I get aspirins, or do I stop reading YANK? . . .

Central Pacific —Pvt. JOE VALASKY

■ Aspirins en route.

Name and Rank

Dear YANK:

My brother's name, plus his cadet rank in the Air Corps primary flight school at Ryan Field, Calif., forms a rather amazing combination. . . . He is Cadet Sergeant-Major Marshall Sergeant. . . .

Camp Crowder, Mo. —Pfc. J. C. SERGEANT

Democracy?

Dear YANK:

I am writing to you in regard to the incident told in a letter to you by Cpl. Trimmingham (Negro) describing the way he was forced to eat in the kitchen of a station restaurant while a group of German prisoners were fed with the rest of the white civilians in the restaurant. [YANK headed the letter "Democracy?"—*Ed.*] Gentlemen, I am a Southern rebel, but this incident makes me none the more proud of my Southern heritage! Frankly, I think that this incident is a disgrace to a democratic nation such as ours is supposed to be. Are we fighting for such a thing as this? Certainly not. If this incident is democracy, I don't want any part of it! . . . I wonder what the "Aryan supermen" think when they get a first-hand glimpse of our racial discrimination. Are we not waging a war, in part, for this fundamental of democracy? In closing, let me say that a lot of us, especially in the South, should cast the beam out of our own eyes before we try to do so in others, across the seas.

Fairfield-Suisun AAF, Calif. —Cpl. HENRY S. WOOTTON JR.*

*Also signed by S/Sgt. A. S. Tepper and Pfc. Jose Rosenzweig.

Dear YANK:

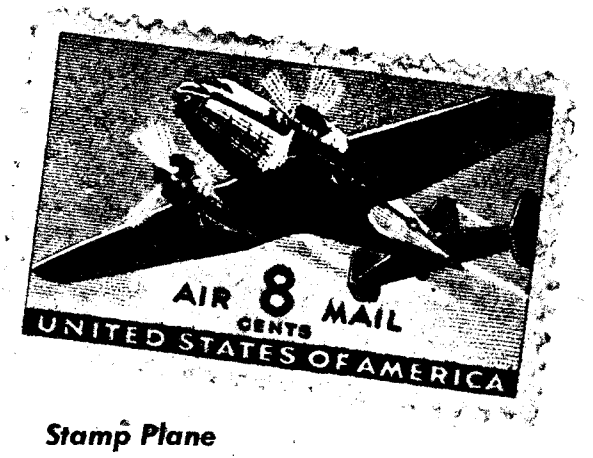
You are to be complimented on having the courage to print Cpl. Trimmingham's letter in an April issue of YANK. It simply proves that your policy is maturing editorially. He [Cpl. Trimmingham] probes an old wound when he exposes the problem of our colored soldiers throughout the South. It seems incredible that German prisoners of war should be afforded the amenities while our own men—in uniform and changing stations—are denied similar attention because of color and the vicious attitude of certain portions of our country. What sort of a deal is this? It is, I think, high time that this festering sore was cut out by intelligent social surgeons once and for all. I can well understand and sympathize with the corporal's implied but unwritten question: why, then are we in uniform. Has it occurred to anyone that those Boche prisoners of war must be still laughing at us?

Bermuda —S/Sgt. ARTHUR J. KAPLAN

Dear YANK:

. . . I'm not a Negro, but I've been around and know what the score is. I want to thank the YANK . . . and congratulate Cpl. Rupert Trimmingham.

Port of Embarkation —Pvt. GUSTAVE SANTIAGO



Stamp Plane

Dear YANK:

A few of the boys in our outfit have had quite a discussion on the American air-mail stamp, concerning the type of plane which appears on the stamp. We are quite certain it is either a Buck Rogers 20th Century job, or something out of *Popular Mechanic's* planes of tomorrow. We would really appreciate it if you could settle this debate.

Southwest Pacific —Pvt. BURNELL HOLT

■ YANK queried the Postmaster General's office on this and received the following information: ". . . the artist [who designed the stamp] had at his disposal drawings of a variety of makes of airplanes, none of which was followed in its entirety, so that the completed model is of a composite nature and represents no particular make."

Rejections

Dear YANK:

I sent you a poem to have published, and you refused to print it. . . . As far as I am concerned YANK stinks, and my buddies that helped write the poem think the same way that I do. . . . What I think the reason for not printing the poem was, it stepped on too many toes, and again I'll say that the YANK magazine stinks and is unfair.

—Pvt. WILLARD BROWN

Winter Gen. Hospital, Topeka, Kans.

Dear YANK:

You keep sending me poop sheets to renew my subscriptions, and I continue to contribute to your paper, and neither of us is making headway. Since I feel I'm in a position to gain *my* objective I make you the following proposal: The day I see my stuff in print will be the day I send you my renewal. That's all, gentlemen.

Camp Polk La. —Pvt. A. WILLIAM GOLDBERGER

Message Center

"DA TERRIBLE TIRTY FIVE," formerly with the 1st Comm. at McChord Fld., Wis.: write Pfc. Vincent F. Curcio & Pfc. Robert H. Brown, c/o Mrs. Harry F. Brown, 1636 St. Jane Ave., Utica, N. Y. . . . GIs in the 258TH QM SERV. BN.: write 2d Lt. L. M. Van Du Beek, 1455 QM Serv. Co. (Avn.), MAAF, Marietta, Ga. . . . Members of a B-25 in the Fourteenth AAF piloted by 1st Lt. THOMAS J. SMITH: write A/C Lowell Mikles, A/C Det., 44-E, DAAF, Douglas, Ariz.

S/Sgt. ALVIN ARMSTRONG, stationed in the Canal Zone in 1942: write S/Sgt. Emmitt H. Cauther, Ward #30, Hoff Gen. Hosp., Santa Barbara, Calif. . . . BRUCE BOWMAN: write your cousin, Sgt. J. H. Bowman, Hq. & Hq. Co., RC #1773, Fort Leavenworth, Kans. . . . Cpl. ADAM CARLEY of Philadelphia, Pa: write Sgt. William Chetoka, 429th AAF, New Haven, Conn. . . . S/Sgt. MARVIN C. EVES: write Sgt. James M. Love, 407 State St., Baton Rouge 13, La. . . . ALVIN (RED) GATES, last with the 34th Bomb Gp., Pendleton Fld., Oreg., and Edson I. Gray, last with the 17th Replacement Wing, Walla Walla, Wis.: write T/Sgt. Raymond A. Waite Jr., 318 Bomb. Sq., 88 Bomb. Gp. (H), APAAF, Avon Park, Fla. . . . Lt. WILLIAM HOON, once in the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth, N. J.: write Lt. I. C. Pine, 1st FC, PRP, AAB, Richmond, Va. . . . T-5 ROBERT JONES, formerly in the Seacoast Special Equipment Course, Fort Monroe, Va.: write T-4 Lawrence E. Kramer, Btry. A, 19th CA, Fort Rosecrans, San Diego 15, Calif. . . . Cpl. GEORGE KRAKAWER: write Pfc. Abraham A. Schames, 324th CTD, Oswego, N. Y. . . . JACOB (JAY) LEVINE, formerly at Fort Belvoir, Va.: write Sgt. Bob Allen, Det. Med. Dept., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Sgt. LUCIEN MORNEAN, formerly of the 4th Bn., MRTC: write Pvt. E. A. Shlivek, DMD Sta. Hosp., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Lt. MAX K. NAUMAN, last heard of in Pecos, Tex.: write S/Sgt. Don Crandall, Post Finance Office, Fort Lewis, Wash. . . . Cpl. T. W. OWENS, formerly at Fort Monmouth: write Cpl. B. Vice, 55th Sig. Rep. Co., Postal Unit #2, Camp Cook, Calif. . . . OSCAR PAPAZIAN: write T/Sgt. Joseph Zimmerman, 16th Photo Unit, Bolling Field, Washington, D. C. . . . HERBERT RUFFIN, student at LAS, Lincolndale, N. Y., 1937-8: write Pvt. Cecil A. Atkins, 370th Sq., L. V. Gunnery Sch., Las Vegas, Nev. . . . Sgt. C. T. SINGLEY, formerly in Co. F, 7th Inf.: write M/Sgt. C. J. Juntti, Hq. Co., 4th EAUTC, March Field, Calif. . . . Pvt. EDWARD SITKO of Scranton, Pa.: write T-5 Alvin Sullivan, 1307 Vine St., Scranton, Pa.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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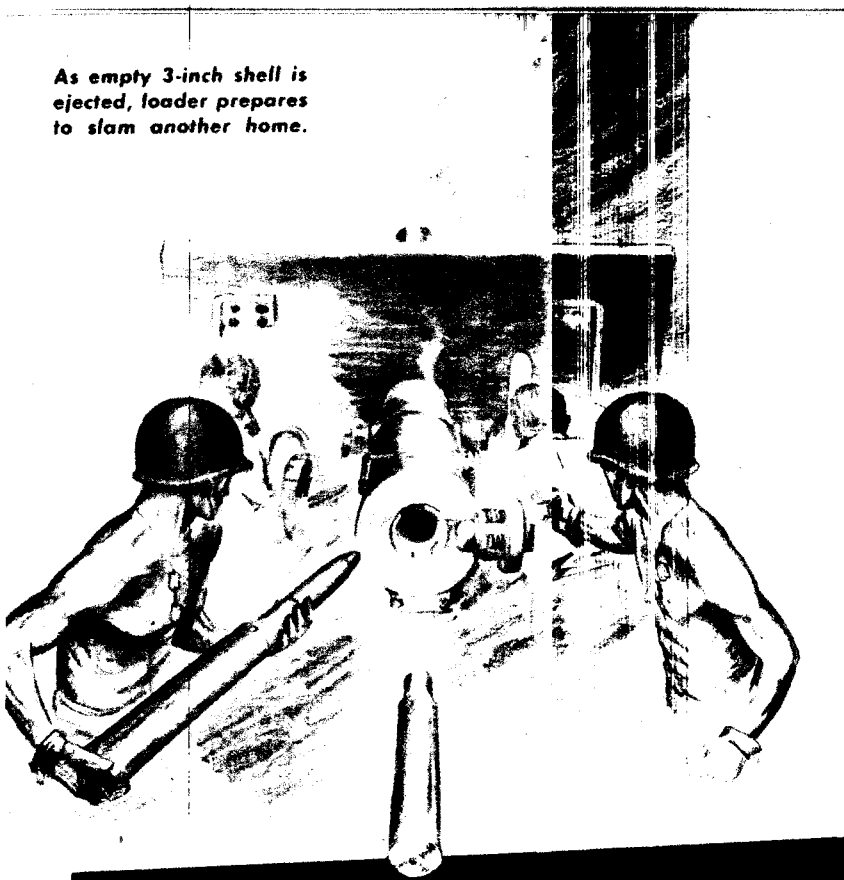
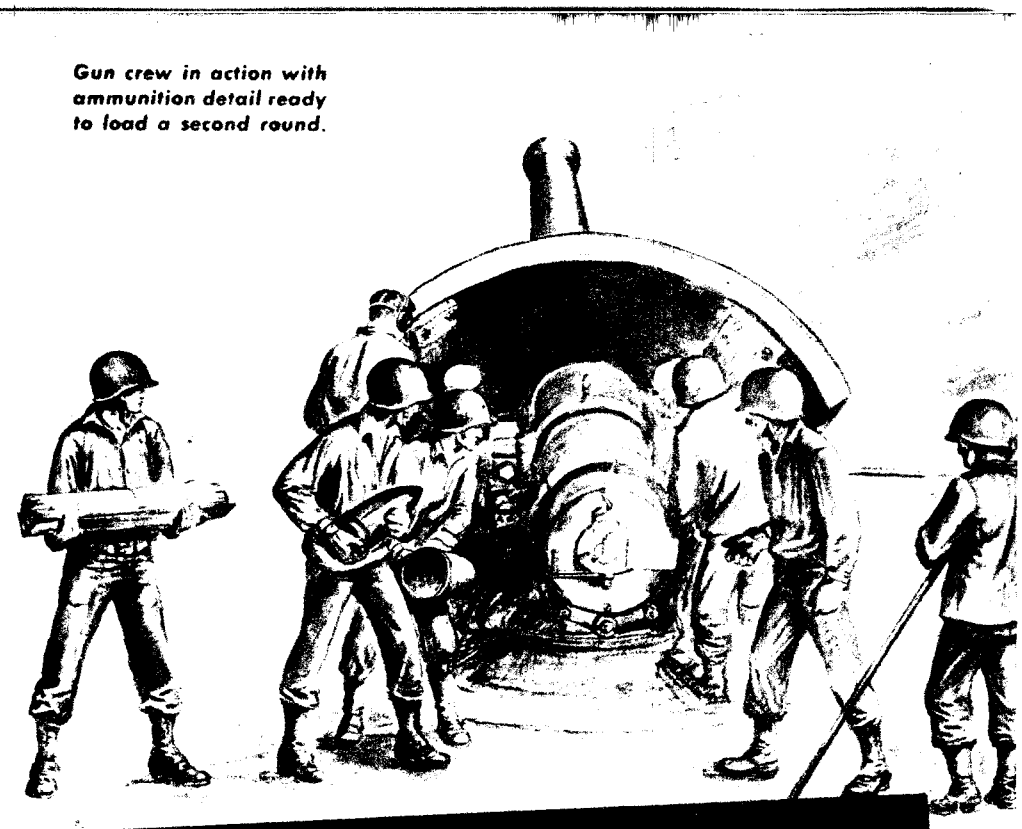


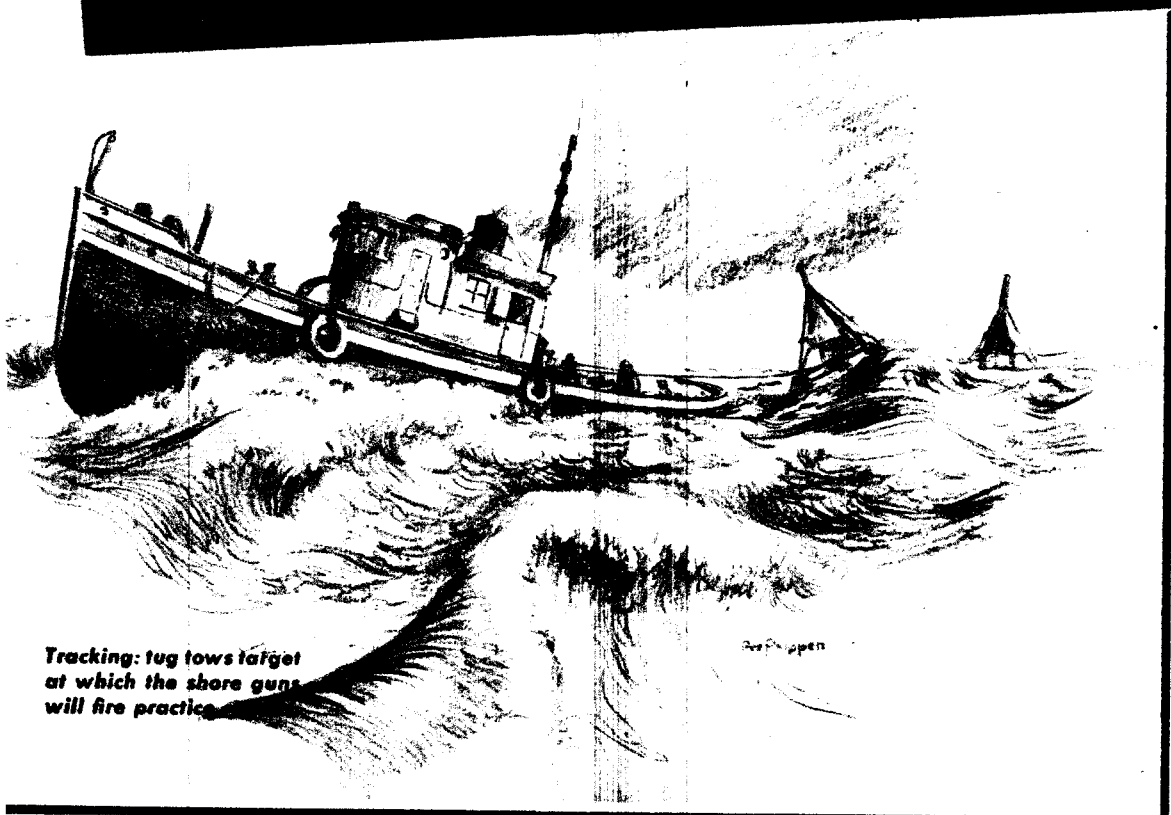
As empty 3-inch shell is ejected, loader prepares to slam another home.



Gun crew in action with ammunition detail ready to load a second round.

West Coast Artillery

Cpl. George Phippen sketches some familiar target-practice scenes at Fort Worden, Wash.



Tracking: tug tows target at which the shore guns will fire practice

Aboard tug, men spot hits or misses and radio gunners to correct fire.

Camera crew on tugboat record shots fired at target from shore guns.

Swabbing out the muzzle of a 3-incher isn't as much fun as the firing.

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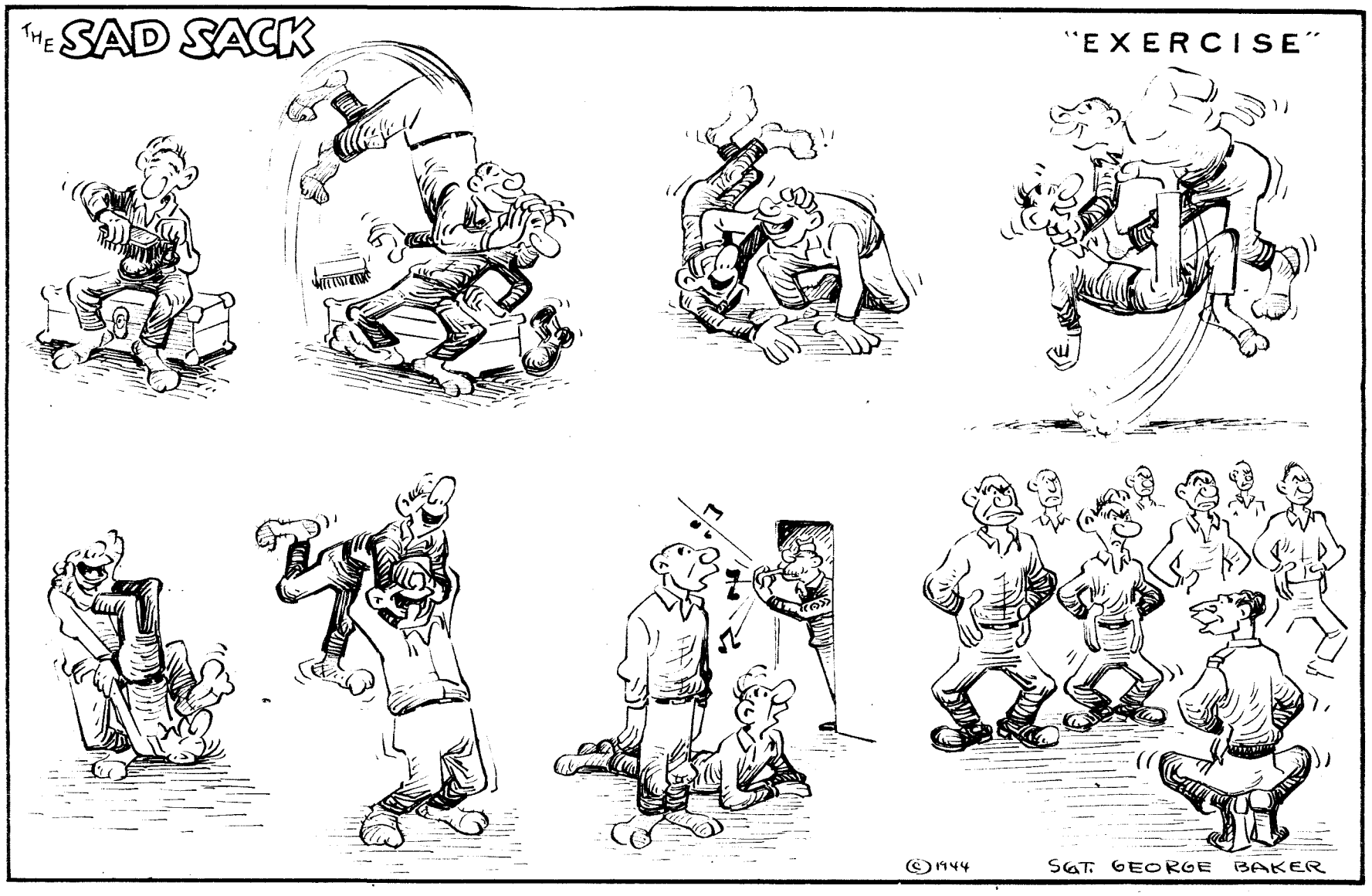


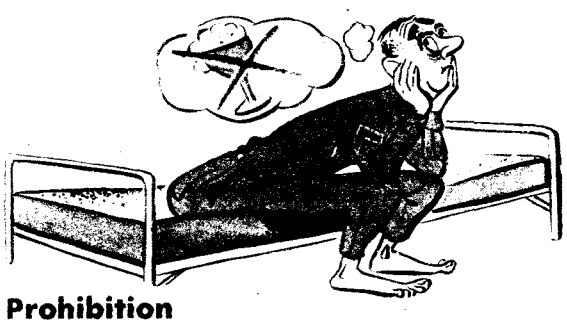
Merchant Marine Transfers

Dear YANK:

You said in *Washington OP* [in an April issue] that the War Shipping Administration was looking for GIs to volunteer for duty as seamen in the Merchant Marine. Why don't you tell the truth? I've long wanted to go to sea and when I saw that notice I quickly wrote to the WSA, my spirits high in the childish belief that soon I'd be kissing good-bye to all the petty tyranny in the Army. But faster than my sergeant jumps to wrong conclusions, the WSA said they didn't want me. The damage is done now, but next time, YANK, steer us suffering GIs straight.

Presque Isle, Maine —T-5 PETER BARNES

■ YANK's facts were accurate—you didn't read the item very carefully. We said the WSA was looking for "Army men who were *formerly* in the Merchant Marine. . . ." You are not a former seaman. The WSA has been receiving as many as 200 letters a day from GIs since that item appeared in YANK, but a large number of inquiries are from men who have never been to sea. Let's get it straight. The WSA encourages requests of GIs who apply for release from the Army under *AR 615-360, Par. 60, c (1) (b)* (providing for discharge for convenience of the Government), if such men are stationed in the United States and hold seaman's papers as licensed mate, licensed marine engineer, able seaman, fireman, oiler, water tender, cook, cook-baker and radio operator. All applicants must have proof of previous sea experience, and men qualified in unlicensed engine-room and stewards' department ratings must be over 26 years of age. Okay?



Prohibition

Dear YANK:

My CO has just restricted me to barracks and prohibited me from drinking beer for one week. What I want to know is, can he do this to me?

Iran —Pfc. MACK SOUTHIN

■ He can. *Article of War 104* on "Company Punishment" says COs may withhold "privileges" of their men for a period not exceeding one week. And beer drinking certainly is a privilege.

What's Your Problem?

Changing Names

Dear YANK:

The name. Just look at it! Can I change it, YANK? Can I?

Hawaii —Pvt. WOLWOFF ZYLBERCWEIGZ

■ Sure. But you'll have to see your Legal Assistance Officer, because authority to change your name is granted by the individual states and state laws vary. Generally the court requires a good reason—for example, "it is too long" or "people can't pronounce it" or "for business." To get your new name on the Army records, you must show your CO a certified copy of the court order. See *WD Cir. 254 (1943), Sect. II.*

Unwed Mother's Benefits

Dear YANK:

In a recent article in YANK, called "GI Delivery," you stated that "unmarried mothers are entitled to the same care as wives provided they establish their identity and can prove to the health agency's satisfaction that the expectant father is an EM in the four lower grades." When I saw that I sent a wire to a girl I got into trouble back in the States and told her to apply at once to the state health officer for maternity funds to help her out until I could get home and marry her. Sometime later she wrote and said the EMIC provision did *not* apply to her and that YANK must have made a mistake. She was able, however, to get help from other state funds; still, YANK apparently confused ODB (which gives family allowances to unmarried mothers) with EMIC (which does not provide funds for unwed mothers), so I think you should give the correct information to other GIs who may be in the same situation.

Australia —Cpl. M. S.

■ The Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, gave YANK incorrect information, and we apologize. Congress, the bureau now tells us, specifically granted EMIC funds for wives of servicemen, and therefore unmarried mothers are not eligible. Fortunately, some state health offices have funds other than EMIC to help unmarried mothers. EMIC funds are, however, available for care of the infant of any serviceman in the four lower grades (after it is born), whether the serviceman is married or not—provided, of course, the paternity is clearly established.

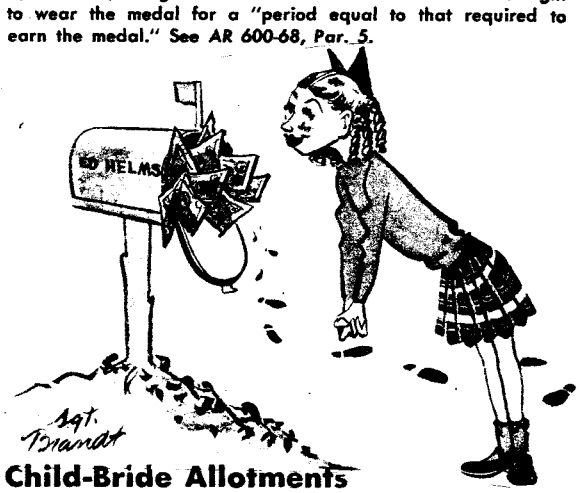
Indian Giving

Dear YANK:

I got into a scrape and spent eight months in the guardhouse. Finally the day of liberation arrived. I walked out of prison a free man. But I haven't started to finish my punishment yet. Or so it would appear. A lieutenant from the Provost Marshal's office stopped me and made me take off my Good Conduct Ribbon. I tried to explain that I earned that ribbon during two years of service prior to my stay in the clink. But it didn't work. Tell me, YANK, can the Army take back a medal it has awarded?

Britain —Sgt. ISAIAH SANDERSON

■ Yes. If a GI is sentenced to more than six months by court martial he forfeits the right to wear his Good Conduct Medal. If, however, he gets six months or less he forfeits the right to wear the medal for a "period equal to that required to earn the medal." See *AR 600-68, Par. 5.*



Child-Bride Allotments

Dear YANK:

Our daughter Sara got married a short while back. The Government was giving us money for her keep because she was 14 years old, but she is going to stay home because the boy she married is fighting, so can we still get the Government money for her?

The Aleutians —Pvt. ED HELMS

■ No, you can't, because it is not possible for one person to get two Class A allotments and your daughter now will receive $50 a month as a serviceman's wife.

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STRICTLY GI

Improved C Ration

The new and improved C ration has seven meal units instead of three. They are meat and beans; meat-and-vegetable stew; meat and spaghetti; ham, eggs and potatoes; beef and noodles; meat and rice, and frankfurters and beans. The meat-and-vegetable hash in the original three units has been discontinued. A different biscuit, beverage and confection is provided in each of the three meals of the unit, and the breakfast unit now contains two ounces of premixed dry cereal that may be mixed with hot water or eaten dry. One meal in each ration includes 1½ ounces of jam (in a variety of flavors), and a small supplementary package contains cigarettes, gum, matches, tissue and water-purification tablets.

A new type of fuel tablet, made of a synthetic compound known as trioxane, has been developed for heating C and K rations. It weighs a little more than an ounce and will heat a meal in six or seven minutes.

ASF Training

Minimum training requirements for ASF personnel in numbered T O units have been set forth by ASF Headquarters. The program requires six weeks of basic training, at least eight weeks of technical training, weapons training and, except for female personnel, the mental conditioning provided by the infiltration course. Seventy-five percent of the personnel of such outfits must have trained together as a unit.

WAC Uniforms

A new one-piece dress of washable, crease-resistant rayon shantung has been authorized for summer off-duty wear by members of the WAC and will be available before midsummer for purchase at cost from the Quartermaster. The dress, of a cream color called military beige, will be the same for officers and enlisted women except for rank insignia. The collar may be worn open or closed and the sleeves may be cut off above the elbow for tropical wear.

Accessories authorized for the off-duty dress include the new WAC garrison (overseas) cap made of matching shantung, a simple brown handbag which the WAC may choose for herself and carry without a shoulder strap; brown shoes of commercial design with closed toe and heel, the heel to be of GI height, and regulation chamois-colored cotton gloves.

A winter off-duty dress, already authorized, will be the same model in a soft-finish all-wool crepe of a shade known as horizon tan, chosen to blend with the GI overcoat and the rest of the uniform. The winter dress will be available next fall.

The new summer garrison cap for the WAC is a feminine version of the GI overseas cap, made of khaki tropical worsted and designed by Knox. It will be worn with the new tropical worsted uniform. A cotton-twill cap of the same design will be worn with the cotton-twill uniform.

The original WAC hat with visor will be used for formal occasions in the winter and for optional wear during the summer.

"I don't know, Hans, but I still say this won't get you a private room and bath."

AAF Box Score

At a press conference Secretary Stimson reported that the AAF in the Pacific areas and in Asia had destroyed 4,887 Japanese planes as of Mar. 7 and had suffered losses of 1,414. The figures include planes lost in the Philippines and Hawaii prior to the organization of the present Air Forces in the Southwest Pacific and Hawaii. They do not include the score of the American Volunteer Group, forerunner of the Fourteenth Air Force in China.

	ENEMY LOSSES Air	Ground	U. S. LOSSES All Causes
Fifth AAF, Southwest Pacific	2,201	912	708
Thirteenth AAF, South Pacific	715	37	245
Tenth AAF, India	211	7	98
Fourteenth AAF, China	482	59	153
Seventh AAF, Hawaii	125	19	162
Eleventh AAF, Alaska	33	24	47
Total	3,767	1,122	1,414

Negro Strength

There were 664,066 Negroes in the Army as of Feb. 29, and 284,664 of them were serving overseas. A partial break-down of the figures: Air Forces, 77,335; Infantry, 44,022; Field and Coast Artillery, 50,955; Cavalry, 9,043; Engineers, 106,514; other branches, 376,197; officers, 4,979.

Camouflage Uniform

The Quartermaster Corps has found what it believes to be the best camouflage uniform yet devised: the regulation herringbone twill fatigue suit. The green-and-brown camouflage uniform will be discontinued and the twill fatigues will be used in a slightly darker shade than the KP suit issued in the U. S.

Bulletin Board

AAF enlisted men who were instructor-trainees in the CAA War Training Service and were screened out between Jan. 21 and Feb. 20 of this year may apply for glider-pilot training. Full information may be found in *AAF TC Memorandum 35-33*, dated May 1, 1944. . . . Two new language guides have been issued for basic instruction in the Cantonese and Malay languages. . . . The National Theater Conference has opened its second playwriting contest and offers cash prizes totaling $1,500, of which $1,000 will be set aside for entries from overseas. The mailing deadline for overseas entries is Dec. 1; for domestic entries, Nov. 1. Those interested should write to the National Theater Conference, Western Reserve University, Cleveland 6, Ohio. . . . Princeton University has instituted the special degree of associate of arts for veterans who will not have time to qualify for the regular bachelor's degree. . . . An air-mail letter sheet has been developed to speed up clearance and delivery of mail to prisoners of war and civilian internees held by the enemy.

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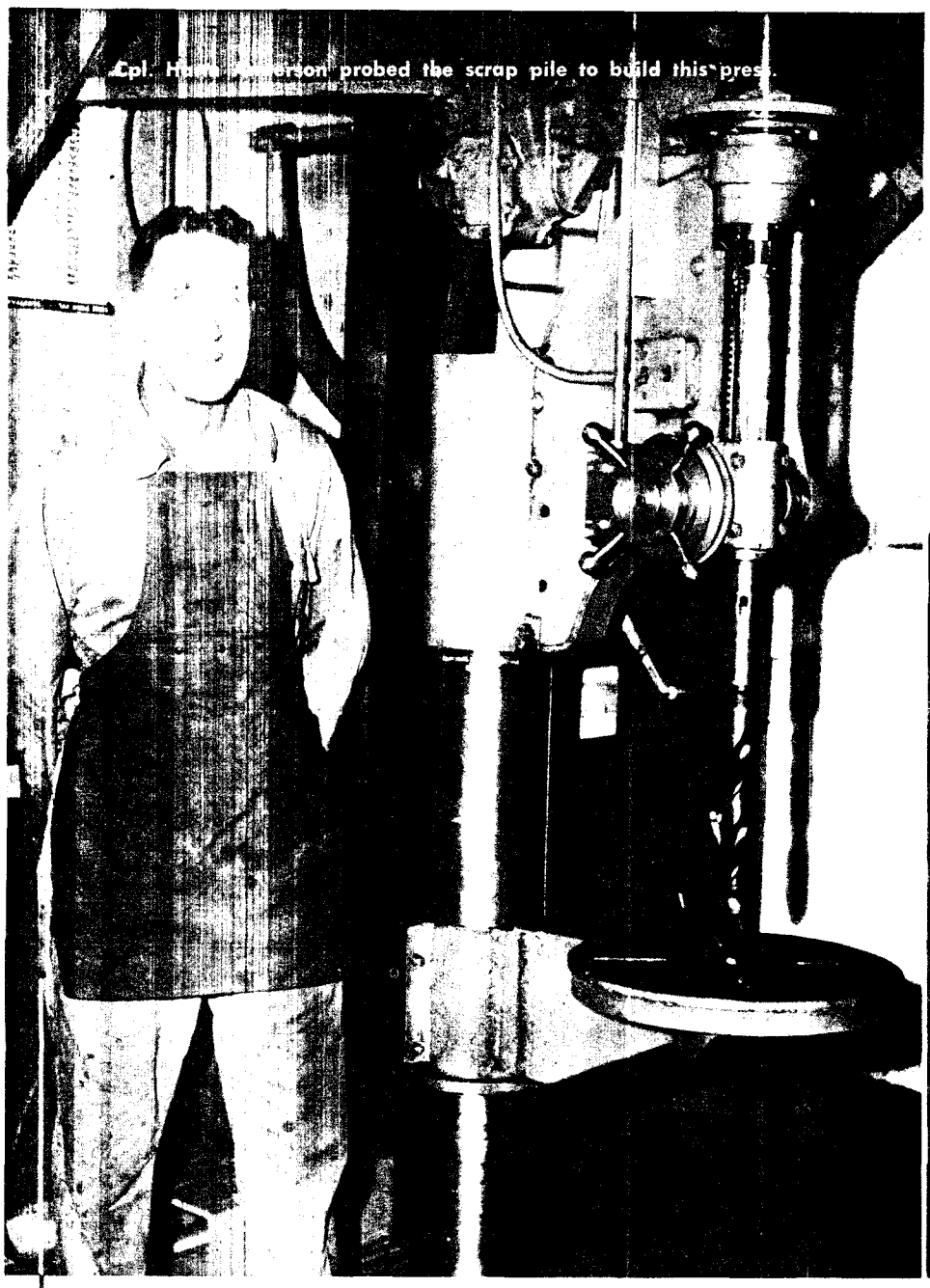

Cpl. Harm Anderson probed the scrap pile to build this press.

Pfc. Sabu Dastagir traded his elephant for a caliber .50 Browning gun.

Corporal Raids Scrap Pile To Make a Better Press

Station 5, ATC, Great Falls, Mont.—With materials assembled from various sources, including the salvage pile, Cpl. Harm Anderson has constructed for the post engineers at this installation of ATC's Alaskan Wing a drill press that combines the better features of the manufactured product with certain innovations of his own. At a total cash outlay of $13.50 for bearings, Anderson has built a labor-saving machine that would cost several hundred dollars on the outside.

The press is used to bore holes of different dimensions through metal, and the process that formerly required long and laborious use of a blowtorch is now accomplished in a few seconds with practically no effort. In a recent demonstration, a drill was guided through a ⅜-inch thickness of steel in less than a minute.

Anderson picked up his mechanical knowledge in his home town, Vernon, Colo., where, after putting in a day on his farm, he would lend a hand at the local blacksmith shop.

Travel Orders (1779)

Fort Belvoir, Va.—M/Sgt. R. J. Grazier of the Finance Section, 2571st S. U., has unearthed travel orders issued during the Revolutionary War that show something of GI complications in those days. Dated July 6, 1779, and issued by the Office of the Acting Commandant, Federal Defense of Yorktown and N. Y. Harbor in Yonkers, N. Y., the orders are addressed to the CO, 1st Light Infantry, Bradock Barracks, Miller's Junction, R. I. They read:

1. Issue necessary orders sending one enlisted man, on horseback, via safest and most convenient route, at Government expense to Fort Van Steuben, on the Ohio River below the junction of the two great rivers at Old Fort Pitt, for the purpose of carrying secret dispatches to Maj. Alonzo De LaFayette, who, at last official roll call, is the commandant of Fort Van Steuben. If, upon arrival, Maj. LaFayette is either dead or resigned, the soldier will deliver the dispatches to the immediate commanding officer.

The expense section of the finance department will supply this courier with the necessary cash to buy himself sufficient food supplies to subsist him the entire journey. If the finance department at the destination is not functioning the enlisted man is authorized to barter with the neighboring Indians for necessary salt and other miscellaneous necessities for the return trip. Uniform buttons and musketry badges may be utilized in connection with bartering. If the situation warrants fraternizing with Indian tribes, due precautions will be taken insofar as the relief tepees are concerned, soldier making full use of his medical kit immediately after exposure. The expedition direct... is considered necessary in the military service. Government mounts and subsistence will be furnished, and if used in bartering, uniform buttons and marksman medals will be replaced by the Government upon application for same by the enlisted man concerned.

Upon return to his home station soldier will submit a written report showing the full names an' ranks of commanding officers of all military fo... visited, so that the Department of War can be informed and bring their rosters up to date.

Extension Justified

Camp Polk, La.—When Pvt. Gerald D. Townsend of the 8th Armd. Div. was ready to return from his furlough, flood conditions around Wichita, Kans., prevented his leaving. After receiving a two-day extension, Townsend volunteered for flood duty with the fire department.

All the next day he spent filling and lugging sandbags to an endangered levee. That night and the next morning he drove an Army truck for the Red Cross, rescuing farm animals and hauling food and supplies for the refugees. The following day he started back to camp over a roundabout route after the crest of the flood had passed.

Drama Not on Screen Alone As GI Sleuth Makes Pinch

Fort Winfield Scott, Calif.—Robert Taylor was on the screen in a San Francisco movie house, but Pfc. George Gabbert, investigator for the Provost Marshal's Office here, was more interested in two GIs in the audience. He suspected that they were the two men wanted for forgery, passing worthless checks and being AWOL from a medical unit at Livermore, Calif. He wasn't wrong. With little trouble he got the men out of the theater, and they were identified through photographs.

Pfc. George Gabbert

That was the climax of a case that had taken the PM's investigators three weeks to solve. It was first brought to their attention when a San Francisco grocer phoned to find out whether an "Alvin C. Carter" was stationed here. The grocer had a check signed by Carter, giving an MP unit here as his address. No such unit existed, and no "Alvin C. Carter" could be found. A bank next sought similar information. Then the PM's sleuths, headed by S/Sgt. Earl O. Lake of Visalia, Calif., went to work.

They checked the neighborhoods in which the checks had been passed. They questioned the victims until they had thorough descriptions of the two soldiers they wanted. Further investigation revealed the names of the two suspects. Their families were questioned without result.

A casual remark, dropped by a friend, that the men "might be in the movies," set the investigators off on a long hunt through San Francisco's movie houses. In a theater on Market Street, Gabbert found his men. The AWOL forgers and check passers confessed after they were brought to the PM office and were faced with a handwriting expert's report that the signature of one of them matched that on several of the checks.

Assisting S/Sgt. Lake and Pfc. Gabbert were Cpl. Alvin J. Ludwig, Sgt. Sealy Hamblen, Sgt. Dave Cahill and Cpl. Charles Hall.

—Sgt. CHARLES TEITEL

camp news

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'Elephant Boy' of Movies Qualifies as AAF Gunner

Harlingen Army Air Field, Tex.—Sabu, famous "Elephant Boy" of movie fame, and now a pfc in the Army Air Forces, got his gunner's wings here recently with several hundred other students. He left his elephant behind when he entered the Army and with it a record of several hit pictures and a movie career that was a budding and profitable one.

The young native Indian, whose full name is Sabu Dastagir, arrived at this field from Greensboro, N. C., where he volunteered for aerial gunnery after his cadet appointment failed to materialize. He had served with the Army Ground Forces since induction on July 6, 1943, at Arlington Reception Center in Los Angeles.

Sabu was born in Mysore, India, on Feb. 25, 1924, and at the age of 11 was selected by Sir Alexander Korda, British movie producer and director, from a group of Indian boys for his role in "Elephant Boy." Part of the picture was filmed in India and the remainder in London, where Sabu received his early education in Beacon's Field School. The 20-year-old GI has never been back to India, and recently he completed his American citizenship requirements.

After induction he went to Santa Ana, Calif., and thence to Fort George G. Meade, Md. He speaks with a slight accent, but after 11 months in the Army doing every sort of detail job from KP to driving a milk truck, he's a typical GI, his buddies say.

—S/Sgt. JIMMY PITT

AROUND THE CAMPS

Sheppard Field, Tex.—A valve-adjustment gadget, invented by T/Sgt. Giles W. Viers of the academic training pool, is credited by officials here not only with saving time in adjusting aircraft-engine valves but with simplifying the task for less experienced mechanics. A test last month revealed that by using Viers' disc device, valves could be set in 49 minutes as compared with the 91 minutes required by the conventional method.

Oliver General Hospital, Ga.—Cpl. Matthew A. Obinger entered the patients' golf tournament with no more experience behind him than one round of 18 holes. He beat out 25 other entrants, many of whom had played golf for years, and shot a neat 33 for the nine-hole course.

Eagle Pass Army Air Field, Tex.—When S/Sgt. Funston P. Flanagan, post intelligence noncom, asked civilian employee Samuel E. Woody for his wife's name so that Flanagan could make out a field pass for her, he got this reply: "Eighth of May." Flanagan explained that he wanted her name, not her date of birth, only to be told that Eighth of May was actually the woman's name. Also, her maiden name was Woody. Full name: Eighth of May Woody Woody.

Camp Blanding, Fla.—On the theory that an onion breath will stifle their wolfing tendencies, married GIs who are members of the "Onion Club" are made to eat an onion prior to going out on pass. Sometimes it takes force to convince a recalcitrant member that the onion is for his own moral good, but members of the club, founded by Pvt. Charles W. Unthank, say that the onion treatment works.

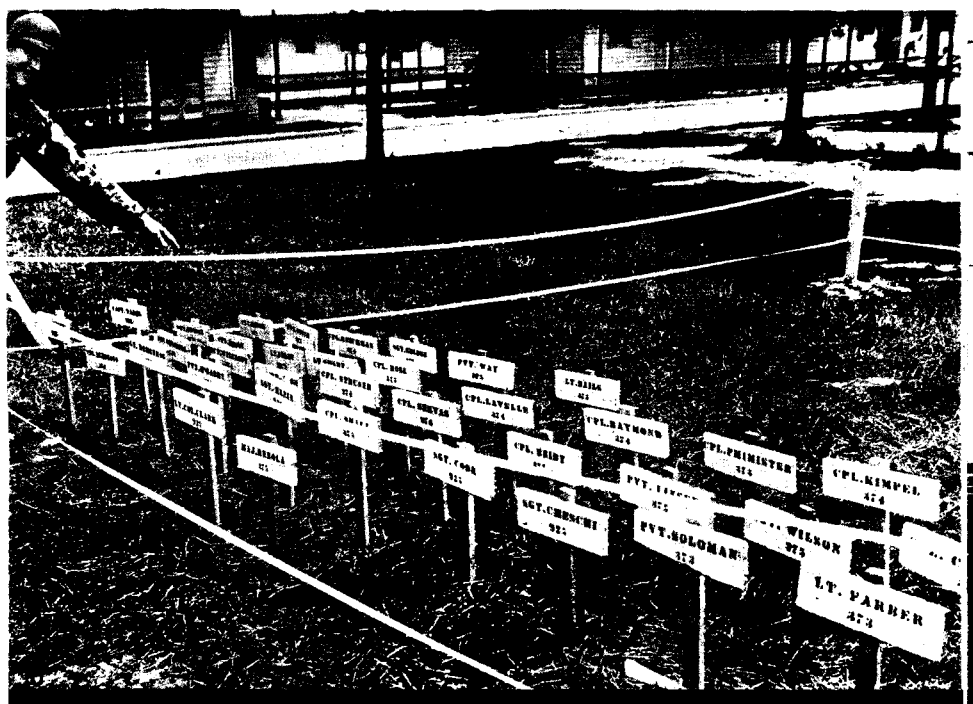
Camp Edwards, Mass.—S/Sgt. John H. Daly, former lifeguard at Lake Quinsigamond, Mass., returned to the scene of his civilian occupation while on furlough. It proved a busman's holiday. Daly saved three girls and a youth when their canoe and rowboat capsized.

Camp Lee, Va.—Pvt. Melvin Price of the post QM office was recently nominated to run on the Democratic ticket for Congress from the 22d District of Illinois. Price, a former newspaperman from East St. Louis, Ill., will be released from service if he wins the election.

Camp Reynolds, Pa.—S/Sgt. G. P. Gretz has written a song, "I'm Gonna Come Back to You," which was recently introduced at the Stage Door Canteen in New York City and which received favorable comment from Nick Kenny, radio editor of the New York *Mirror*. Gretz says that any GI wanting a copy of the song can get one free by writing to the Shelby Music Publishing Company in Detroit, Mich. Gretz has given out about 5,000 copies already.

OFF-WE-GO DEPT.

The claim of Pfc. Willie Lowe [YANK, May 5] to the transfer-championship honors is disputed by the following: Pfc. Merrill J. Russell, **Tonopah Army Air Field, Nev.**, who has moved 14 times in 13 months. . . . Pvt. Rosalie R. Lenahan, **Camp Crowder, Mo.**, who has packed her gear 11 times in 10 months. . . . Pvt. James H. Duncan, **Camp Van Dorn, Miss.**, who tied up his barracks bags to move 10 times in the same number of months. . . . Pfc. Wayne E. Robbins, **Maxton Army Air Base, N. C.**, who figures his out in days: eight camps in 125 days, 60 of them at Fort Logan, Colo.



THAT'S ME! T-5 Charles E. Helms points to his "grave" in the 100th Div. FA graveyard at Fort Bragg, N. C. It's filled with "victims" of firecracker mines and booby traps. Helms was caught napping during the mine schooling period.

DEAD END. It's a new role at the sink for a former "Dead-End" kid, Pvt. John V. Stevenson, at Fort McPherson, Ga. He played in pictures with the famous movie gang before the Army's casting bureau made him a yardbird and traywasher.

PRIZE WINNER. Sgt. Cecil D. Nelson Jr. puts the finishing touches on his latest painting at Tuskegee Army Air Field, Ala. Nelson's entry in the Third Annual Exhibition of Negro Artists at Atlanta University won first prize of $250.

SIT-UP CHAMP. Sgt. Edward Beranek sits up for the 6034th time at AAFTC School, Yale Univ. It took him five hours and 54 minutes without even a five-second break to top the record of 5,200 made by a Lincoln (Nebr.) AAF sergeant.

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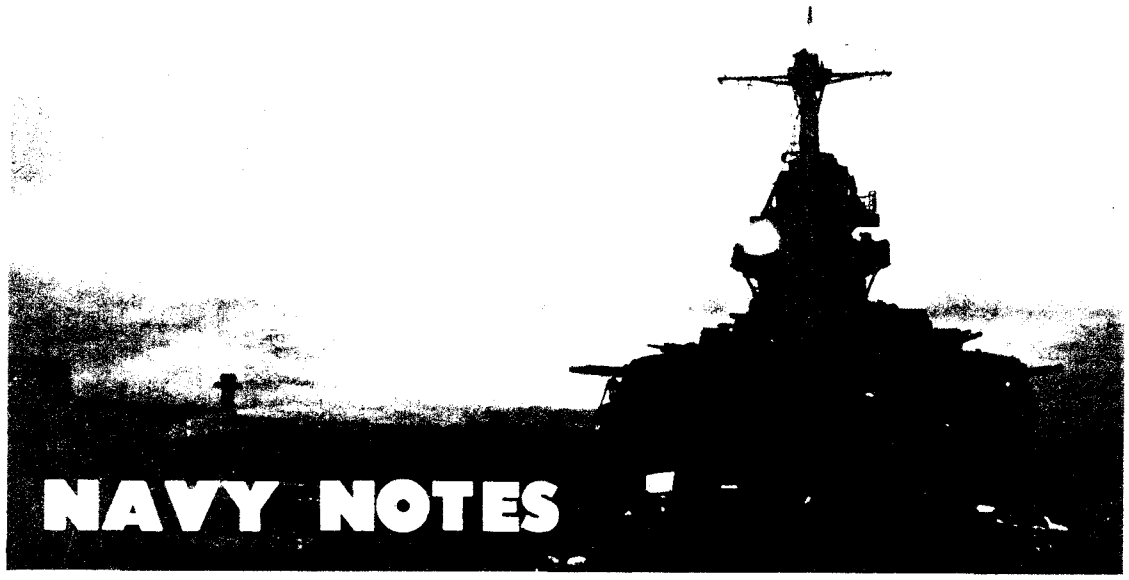

NAVY NOTES

PACIFIC FACTS. A good insight into the extent of the Navy's activities in the Pacific was given by Rear Adm. Arthur W. Radford of the Bureau of Aeronautics in a speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

"Our operations in the Pacific," said the admiral, "are being conducted on a truly major scale that does not always get into the headlines. . . . Thousand-plane raids from carriers have become the rule rather than the exception. . . . A carrier task force is composed of two or more carriers and a varying number of destroyers, cruisers and fast battleships. These groups may all travel in company or they may take different courses and arrive at the target at the same time. . . . On recent raids there have been as many as six individual groups.

"Last July it was decided that the best form of training was to shoot at live targets, so we began our first raids on Marcus, Wake and Tarawa. These raids were in reality dress rehearsals. . . . We have made it a point . . . always to rendezvous . . . with far more planes than the Japanese can put in the air against us. On Jap-held islands there simply isn't enough real estate from which to fly off as many planes as we can launch from our carriers. A high Japanese military spokesman recently made a rather plaintive remark. 'Our island air bases in the Pacific are unsinkable,' he said dolefully, 'but they are not very maneuverable.'

"Some of the younger Japanese aviators definitely seem lacking in training, experience and a feeling of self-assurance. On the other hand, during a raid on Wake I saw Japanese aviators as good as any pilots I have seen anywhere . . . but we had them outnumbered and shot down all 30 at a loss of only two.

"The Japanese are producing considerably better planes than the ones they had when the war began (but they still explode when a few well-placed shots are put in them). The newest Japanese fighter is better than any they have brought out but we haven't seen many, so evidently they are having production troubles.

"It is now necessary to use only a third as much antiaircraft ammunition to shoot down an enemy plane as was required when the war began. . . . [One pilot] used only 75 rounds of ammunition in shooting down four Japanese planes and a probable fifth. This is believed to be an all-time record.

"We haven't been able to find a Japanese carrier since November of 1942. The Japanese are saving their fleet . . . and it is unlikely that we will be able to achieve the advantage of surprise."

SPECIALIST RATINGS. The Specialist Branch now includes 16 different ratings. They are open only to Reservists and men in the Fleet Reserve because the Navy plans to drop the whole business after the war. Ratings authorized to date are: A) athletic instructors, C) classification interviewers, G) aviation free gunnery instructors, I) accounting-machine operators, M) mail clerks, P) photographic specialists, Q) communication workers, including code, R) recruiters, S) shore patrol, T) Link trainer instructors, U) housekeepers in WAVES barracks, V) transport airmen, W) chaplain's assistant, X) public relations, pigeon trainers and others, and Y) control-tower operators.

Ratings G, I, M, P, R, S, T, and Y are open to WAVES. The U rating, unfortunately, is open to WAVES only.

ODD REGULATIONS. The following regulations, all of which are of interest because of their unusual nature, have been passed by the Navy Department within the last year:

MPs and SPs shall have authority over all female members of the services with modifications, one of which is that they "will not be confined in guardhouses, brigs or similar places of detention." (*Cir. 130-43.*)

The Navy has authorized the issue of brandy "by medical officers and for medicinal purposes only" to the COs of ships and the pilots of planes. (*Form Letter 26-43.*)

BuAer requests that all photographers taking pictures of prisoners make sure that unshackled men have their hands free and not behind their back or otherwise concealed. Not doing so "may lead to the conclusion that prisoners are handcuffed or shackled when such is not the case." (*BuAer 1129-43.*)

All personnel except nurses are required to travel in uniform. Nurses traveling in civilian clothes must pay the Government tax on transportation. (*Cir. 42-2100.*)

The importation of dogs into New Zealand from the United States is absolutely prohibited. (*43-29.*)

When the occasion warrants it, local Navy authorities are allowed to post rewards up to $500 for the location of missing Navy aircraft. (*43-1125.*)

—ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y2c

BOOKS IN WARTIME

THESE are the 30 titles in the eighth or "H" series of the Armed Service Editions, the pocket-sized paper-bound books published monthly for GIs overseas by the Council on Books in Wartime. There are 83,000 copies of each title, an increase of 3,000 copies per title over the preceding series. The Army will receive 66,000 copies of each title, the Navy 15,000 and Americans who are prisoners of war 2,000. The books are distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

H-211 c/o POSTMASTER *By Cpl. Thomas R. St. George*
An American soldier looks at GI life Down Under.

H-212 BEYOND THE DESERT *By Eugene M. Rhodes*
Another Western, but with humor and a plot.

H-213 PAYMENT DEFERRED *By C. S. Forester*
Classic story of a perfect crime and its aftermath.

H-214 BURIED ALIVE *By Arnold Bennett*
The movies called it "Holy Matrimony" and starred Monty Woolley.

H-215 WESTERN STAR *By Stephen Vincent Benet*
Inspiring narrative poem of colonial days.

H-216 LAUGHING BOY *By Oliver La Farge*
Haunting tale of the Navajo Indians.

H-217 THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO *Tr. by I. A. Richards*
Plato in Basic English.

H-218 FORWARD THE NATION *By Donald Culross Peattie*
Story of the Indian girl who guided the Lewis and Clark expedition.

H-219 THREE TIMES I BOW *By Carl Glick*
Chinatown in wartime and memories of other days.

H-220 NIGHT OVER FITCH'S POND *By Cora Jarrett*
Or, who killed Julius Nettleton?

H-221 THE CRUISE OF THE SNARK *By Jack London*
Adventure story of the South Pacific.

H-222 RIDERS OF THE NIGHT *By Eugene Cunningham*
A youngster fights against terror in another horse epic.

H-223 DANGER IN THE CARDS *By Michael MacDougall*
How to tell whether your friends are cheating.

H-224 BURNING AN EMPIRE *By Stewart H. Holbrook*
History of great American forest fires.

H-225 ANIMAL REVEILLE *By Richard Dempewolff*
The parts that animals play in a war.

H-226 RED RASKALL *By Clark McMeekin*
A girl and a horse in Virginia.

H-227 CORSON OF THE JC *By Clarence E. Mulford*
Bob Corson gets his man.

H-228 CAPTAIN CAUTION *By Kenneth Roberts*
Historical thriller of the War of 1812.

H-229 THE COLD JOURNEY *By Ethel Vance*
The author of "Escape" writes about French colonial times in America.

H-230 THE BISHOP'S JAEGERS *By Thorne Smith*
Jaegers here means a pair of drawers.

H-231 INNOCENT MERRIMENT *By Franklin P. Adams*
An anthology of humorous verse.

H-232 CARMEN OF THE RANCHO *By Frank H. Spearman*
California in the days of the Mexican War.

H-233 CARDIGAN *By Robert W. Chambers*
New York State during the Revolution.

H-234 BOX OFFICE
Short stories that were made into famous movies.

H-235 THE PACIFIC OCEAN *By Felix Reisenberg*
And what's been going on there for the last 400 years.

H-236 THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO *Edited by Manuel Komroff*
The Richard Halliburton of the 13th Century.

H-237 THE RINGED HORIZON *By Edmund Gilligan*
Gloucester racing schooners against Nazi U-boats.

H-238 BOTANY BAY *By Nordhoff and Hall*
Convict settlers in 18th Century Australia.

H-239 HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY *By Richard Llewellyn*
Rich and bitter story of a Welsh mining town.

H-240 CHAD HANNA *By Walter D. Edmonds*
Circus romance of the Erie Canal country, 1836.

CAREFULLY examining the biography of Yvonne de Carlo, we find her accomplishments absolutely staggering. Yvonne dances, sings, rides horses, paints, draws, writes poetry, speaks French, Spanish and English—not necessarily in the order named. She also looks very nice. Her new movie for Paramount Pictures is "Rainbow Island."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS If you are a YANK subscriber and have changed your address, use this coupon together with the mailing address on your latest YANK to notify us of the change. Mail it to YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y., and YANK will follow you to any part of the world.

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PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Why I Left Grand Central Palace

I AM the guy people point at and say: "He was stationed at the Grand Central Palace Induction Center in New York" — they lower their voices — "an hour's train ride from home, and he asked for a transfer to Kansas." Then they tap their heads sympathetically and stare after me as if I were their long lost two-headed uncle from Topeka.

At 480 Lexington Avenue we had two bars and a model agency in the same building with us.

It was nice being able to step off the post and onto a sidewalk, but the fine edge of excitement was blunted a little by that damp rag you had in your hand. This was used for washing the glass doors in front of the place, in sight of half a million passersby, all highly amused at seeing The Soldier at Work. And usually four or five friends and acquaintances managed to turn up in the crowd. "Well, well, well," they'd say, eyeing my Grand Central pallor, which just about matched my faded coveralls. Then they'd follow up with a number of clever references to the 46th Street Front, the Lexington Avenue Local Commandos et al.

But a good man could get ahead at the Palace, if he played his relatives right. All you had to do was be a nephew of somebody in the front office above the rank of captain and, presto, pfc—like that! For the unfortunate few who, through some weird freak of birth, failed to fall into this category, it took a little more time. We had a separate T/O. The T-5 in charge couldn't flex his wrist for the hash marks.

It was nice, going home every week end, too. Soldier returning from the wars. The reverential greetings from the little kids (that's all the kind of kids there are left, brother) hanging around the station platform.

"Still a private, eh?" they would ask deferentially as I descended from the steps of the 6:24.

"No," I would mutter confidentially. "In reality I'm one of these boy colonels. Left my eagles on my other blouse."

Their innocent eyes would dilate with respect. "They must have a hell of a lot of colonels down there," one would lisp, "because my old man was down for his physical the other day, and he says he saw you down on your hands and knees scraping up chewing gum."

Well, as a matter of fact, they did have us dislodging gum that the selectees, not wanting to foul the trash barrels, had thoughtfully deposited on the floor. Three of us scraped some four bushels of the stuff, in various stages of pliability off one floor in three days, setting a new inter-Allied record. It was the second floor, so naturally we were designated G-2 from that point on by the boys assigned to the other floors. You naturally get that sort of professional jealousy everywhere.

And I'd have enough money to buy the place, psychiatrists and all, if I had a dollar for every selectee who's stopped and whispered: "Hey, Mac —some place to be stationed, eh? How'd you go about getting it?" It might not be such a bad idea to buy it, paint it white like an elephant and turn it back to its rightful owners. Only thing is, insiders say that the Army's contract with the real-estate people has a clause, inserted after our squad won the gumathon, which states that when the building reverts to its civilian status, I go with it. Now I'm not one to balk at being rehabilitated, but there's no sense in letting your cup overflow.

So when you point at me, you're pointing at a man who knows when he's had enough.

Kansas, I never saw you before, but I love you.

Pratt AAB, Kans. —Pvt. KNOX BURGER

IDLE OBSERVATION

There's a certain kind of whistle
That GIs are prone to use
When a gal is modeled nicely
From her fanny to her shoes.

There's another type of whistle
That you'll recognize in cases
Where a soldier's roving eyeballs
Come to rest on pretty faces.

But the most *wholehearted* whistle
(If you'll take the time to check)
Greets the gal whose curves are fullest
In between her waist and neck.

Scott Field, Ill. —Cpl. HAL CHADWICK

HALF DREAMS

As a boy his half-dreams
concerned themselves
with thoughts of the day he'd take over
the old man's bank and have enough dough
to keep five cigars in his breast pocket.

As a young man his half-dreams
dwelled on Amy and Louise.
Amy thought men stupid
and died in sin,
so he married Louise.

As a businessman his half-dreams
crept around the day when the old man would die
and he and the family of five would move
into the big house on Latch Square.

He was beginning to grow plump and rosy
and his eyes were damp
when he was snatched away from the office
and taught the Articles of War.

But he was pale and lean
when he lay in the mud
with blood on his face.

With gentle bewilderment
he sacrificed the half-dreams
on the altar of
a place called
Hill 19.

And in the big house on Latch Square
sad Louise has
10 thousand dollars
to build new
half-dreams.

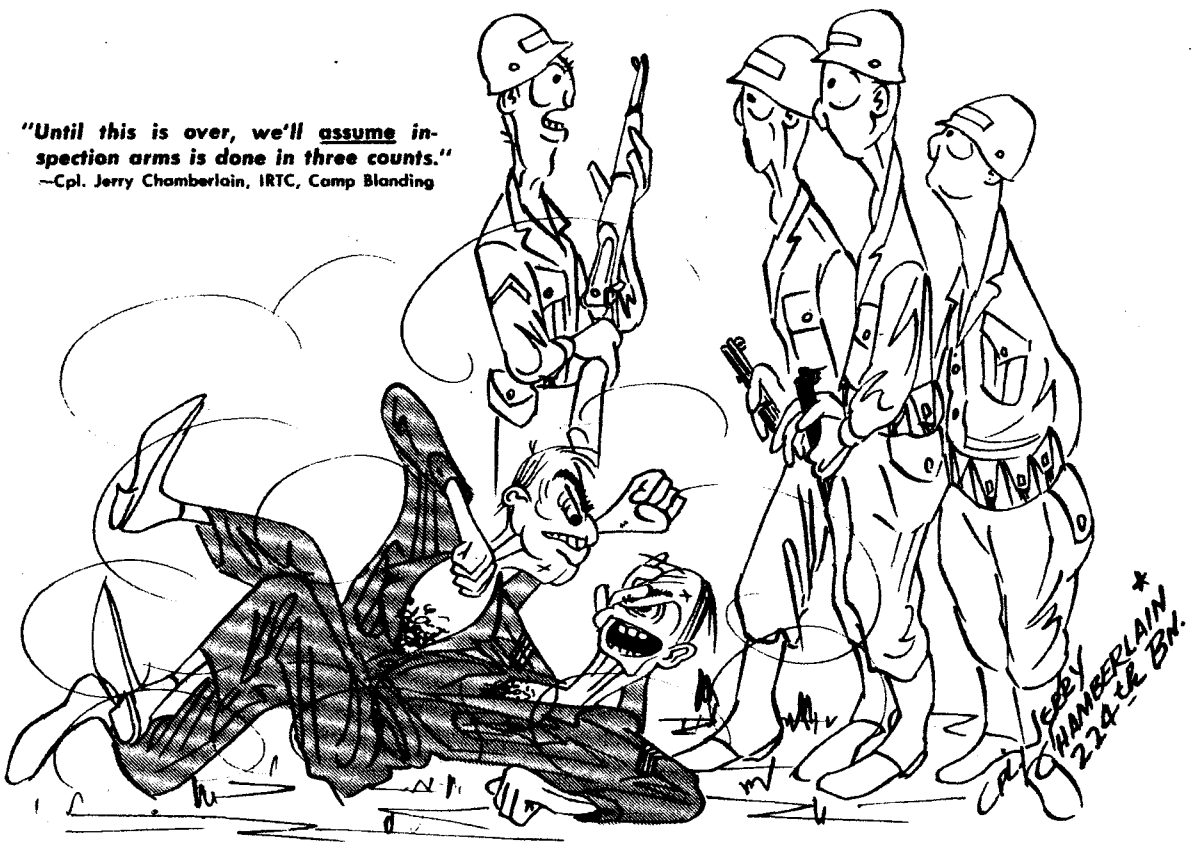
Camp Davis, N. C. —Pvt. JOHN M. BEHM

DATE BUREAU

I had always thought the date bureau a very
handy adjunct to any organization,
But I confess that recently my opinion of it has
not ascended much. This is the situation:
I asked what a certain date was like, and the date
bureau replied that this girl's qualification
Was enhanced by the fact that she was extremely
capable of intelligent conversation.

To be quite terse:
Who wants to converse?

Sheppard Field, Tex. —Pfc. MARV LORE



"Until this is over, we'll assume inspection arms is done in three counts."
—Cpl. Jerry Chamberlain, IRTC, Camp Blanding

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SPORTS

Private Life of Pensive

By Sgt. DAN POLIER
YANK Sports Editor

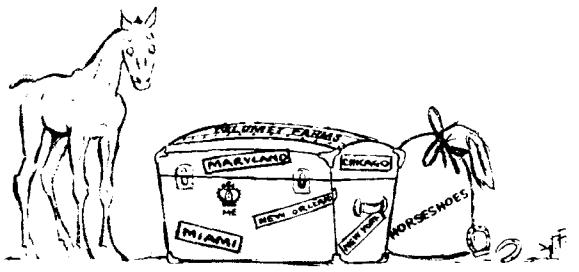
THE PRIVATE life of Pensive, winner of the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness.

The exercise boys jeeringly refer to him as the "Baking Powder Horse," because he is owned by Warren Wright's Calumet Farms. Actually he has no nickname. He is a good "doer," as the horse folks say, meaning he is a good eater. At breakfast he has two quarts of oats and for lunch and supper he settles down to four quarts of oats and two quarts of bran. This big appetite keeps him solidly on his feet, and he is seldom knocked out after a race like so many other horses.

Oddly enough, Pensive isn't popular with the Calumet stable gang. The fact that he won the Derby and Preakness has made no impression on them. Their favorite is a striking-looking brown horse named Sun Again, who won the Dixie Handicap the same day Pensive took the Derby. Plain Ben Jones, the white-hat Calumet trainer, proudly introduces Sun Again to visitors as "the most beautiful horse in America," and the grooms and exercise boys all have photographs of him, which they will produce with a minimum amount of urging.

Pensive is royalty, and he doesn't let you forget it for a minute. He runs with his head lost in the clouds, and his illustrious English breeding fairly oozes out of his chocolate-colored body. Plain Ben thinks he is probably the best bred horse in all the world. His sire was Hyperion, a winner of the English Derby. His dam was Penicuik II (pronounced Penquick) who came to America in the summer of 1940 as a refugee when the blitz hit England and brought Pensive with her "in utero," as Jones says. The following April, Pensive was born at the Calumet Farms in Kentucky and automatically became a citizen.

Jones has always been impressed—sometimes even awed, he confesses—by Pensive's



breeding and character. When the horse was only a few months old, Jones watched him romping with the other Calumet yearlings, and suddenly, he says, the strangest feeling came over him. "It may sound silly," Jones explains, "but I knew then that Pensive was a Derby horse. It came over me just like a dream. I had the same feeling about Whirlaway and Lawrin. I was impressed by the way Pensive looked. He had downright fine character."

But for all his character and breeding, Pensive acted like an ordinary mule-headed punk when Jones tried to break him to the saddle. He was erratic, high-strung and generally hard to bring along. "I think I had to exercise more patience with the colt than I ever did with Whirlaway, who used to drive me almost crazy," Jones says.

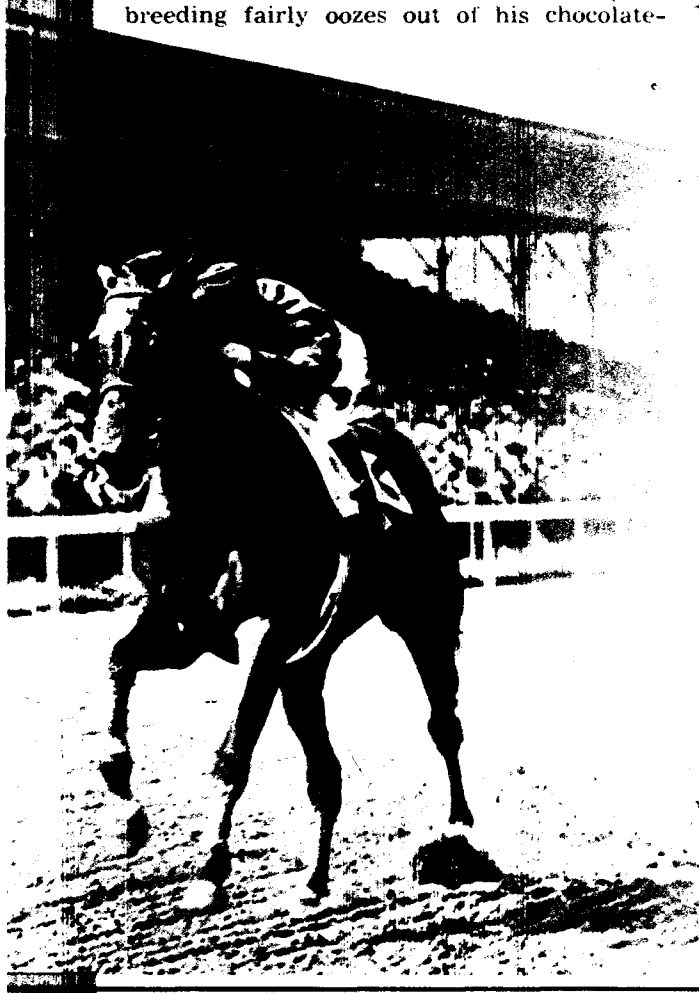
One of Pensive's worst habits was a nasty trick of running backward and whirling madly around in circles. Pinky Brown, the deaf exercise boy who did such a fine job of calming down Whirlaway, was put on Pensive to break him, and he has been the only exercise boy the horse has ever known. Pinky worked patiently with the colt, trying to break his bad racing habit, but Pensive was too stubborn to improve. "Then once I spanked him good and proper," Pinky admits. "After that he cut out his foolishness and started running straight."

When Pensive was still a youngster, Jones took him along wherever the Calumet string was racing. He was the only colt in the stable accorded such an honor. They went to Miami, Maryland, Chicago, New Orleans and New York, and all the time Jones trained him as carefully as he did the older horses. In Chicago, Pensive worked a quarter in 22.2, and Jones' eyes popped. He knew he had a fast horse on his hands.

When Pensive reached his 2-year-old majority, he went to the races and won his first two starts impressively. But later at New Orleans he started to slump, became dull and looked tired and worn. Jones was puzzled. It wasn't until blood started seeping through a quarter-crack in his hoof that Jones discovered what really had been the trouble. The colt was operated on, and a piece of his hoof, about the size of a dollar piece, was cut out. When Pensive recovered Jones designed a bar plate to protect his hoof and put him back to work. Jones had used bar plates on Lawrin, too.

Pensive really got going in earnest as a 3-year-old. Jones threw him in races against older horses, and his breeding, the best on the turf, showed he was strong on consistency and stamina. He ran C. S. Howard's famed Porter's Cap into the ground and finished a good second to 7-year-old Tola Rose, who had once beaten Whirlaway. From there the story is history. . . . He finished second to Gramps Image in a Derby tune-up after he got in the lead and then sulked. . . . He took the Derby with a stretch-burning drive that left Broadcloth and the favorite Stir Up four and half lengths behind. . . . He won the Preakness coming out of the clouds like Whirlaway to beat Platter by three-quarters of a length.

Yet, for all his success and beautiful purses, Pensive is a stranger in his own stable. He stands in the corner of his stall by the hour, occasionally coming to the door to give his tongue to an exercise boy. When he travels he goes right to sleep as soon as the train starts rolling. He has a lead pony, a white-faced fellow named Baldy, who travels in the same car with him, but Pensive almost ignores him. Maybe it is his breeding.



On the left, Pensive romps home in the Preakness.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

MAKING his first convoy run to Murmansk, **Lt. (jg) John Doeg**, former national amateur tennis champion, was torpedoed and floated around in the water for two hours before he was picked up by an English ship. . . . **Capt. Maury (Footsy) Britt**, ex-Detroit Lion end who won the medal of honor in Italy, says **George McAfee** of the Bears was the greatest football player he ever saw. "I didn't get close enough to him on end sweeps to even say hello," Britt admits. . . . **Lt. Earle Meadows**, 1936 Olympic pole-vault champion, now stationed at the Fourteenth Air Force headquarters as a Special Service officer, has added a new Chinese pole-vault record to his collection. He cleared 14 feet in a Chinese track meet recently. . . . **S/Sgt. Jack Powell**, walking champion of the world, is in the Air Forces, of all places. . . . **Gen. Eisenhower's** son **John** is manager of the unbeaten West Point tennis team. . . . **Benny McCoy**, who cost Connie Mack $40,000, is playing second base for a Navy team in the South Pacific. . . . **Pfc. Alfred Lindberg** of Minnesota, who won the Guadalcanal featherweight championship, was killed a few months later on Bougainville.

Ordered for induction: **Stan Musial**, Cardinal outfielder and NL batting champion; **Leslie Fleming** and **Henry Wyse**, Chicago Cub pitchers; **Al Zarilla**, St. Louis Browns outfielder, **Allie Reynolds**, Cleveland righthander; **Rube Melton**, Dodger pitcher; **Hal Wagner**, catcher of the Athletics; all by the Navy. . . . *Rejected:* **Ernie Bonham**, best Yankee pitcher, because of fractured vertebra in his back; **Tommy O'Brien**, Pittsburgh outfielder and one-time Tennessee footballer, because of knee injury. . . . *Promoted:* **Ensign Billy Soose**, retired middleweight champion, to lieutenant junior grade at Great Lakes. . . . *Commissioned:* **Billy Sullivan Jr.**, former catcher and sometimes infielder for the White Sox, Dodgers, Browns and Indians, as a lieutenant junior grade in the Navy.

RECOGNIZE THEM? Cpl. Mickey Harris (left), former Red Sox pitcher, takes it easy between innings of a Panama Canal League game with Pvt. Terry Moore, an ex-Cardinal.

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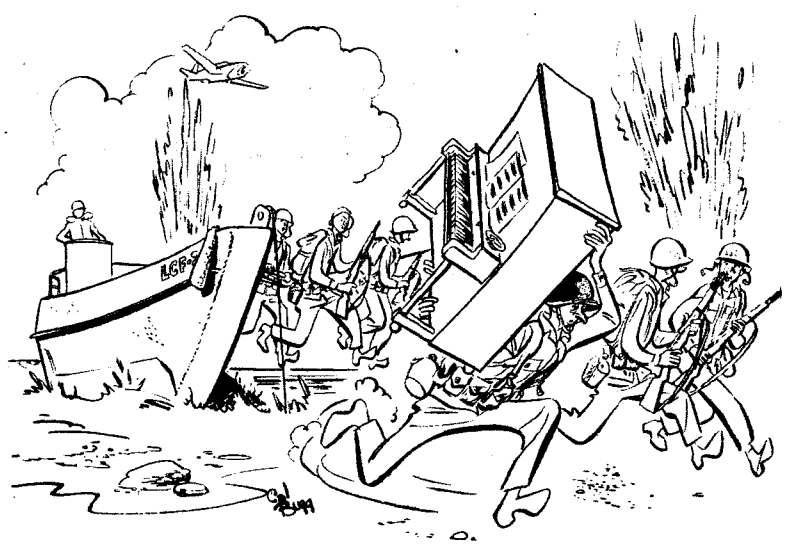
—Sgt. Irwin Caplan



"HE'S WITH SPECIAL SERVICE."
—Cpl. Robert Bugg

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THE ARMY WEEKLY

"IF WORST COMES TO WORST, WE CAN ALWAYS EAT THE SPAM."
—Pfc. Joe Kramer

"WELL, I HOPE HUMPHREY BOGART DOESN'T GET INTO THIS THING."
—Pvt. John Bryson

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